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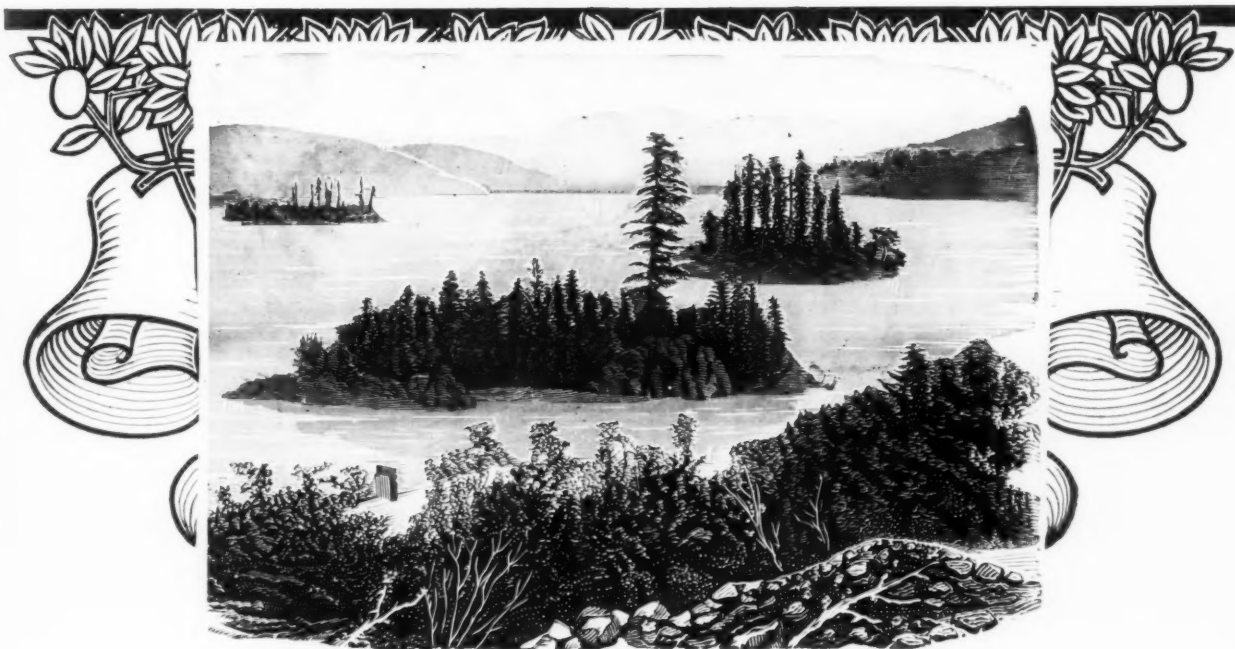
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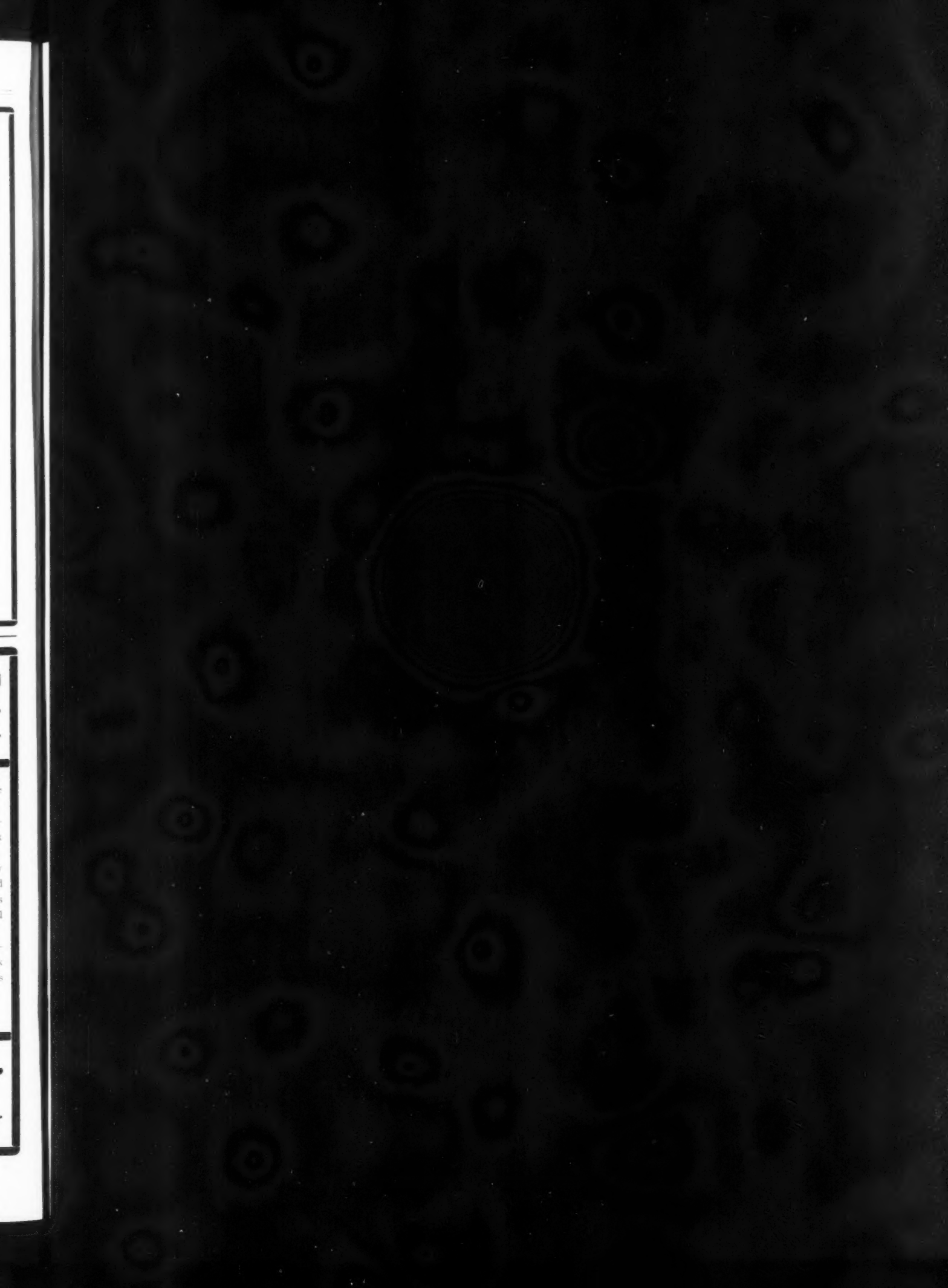
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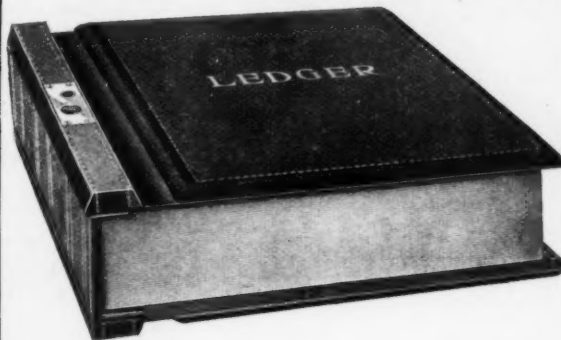


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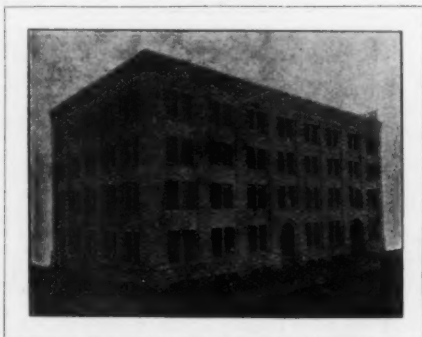
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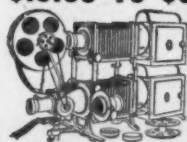
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A N EXPLORING EXPEDITION IN NORTHERN IDAHO.

BY COL. W. S. BRACKETT.



PART V.

Under my command, several small parties made exploring trips in various directions, one party penetrating the rugged country of the Seven Devils Mountains, which lie along the Snake River west of the Buffalo Hump. Another party explored the region south of and along the Salmon River, extending east to Chamberlains' Basin and the great box canyon of the Salmon. My headquarters' party of six men entered an almost unknown country,—at least unknown to geographers; it being the wild region lying east of the Buffalo Hump and extending toward the Bitter Root Range, an exploring trip which occupied forty-five days.

Outfitting and procuring our supplies at Grangeville, we crossed the South Fork of the Clearwater, ascended from the deep canyon of that stream, and proceeded in an easterly direction across several elevated plateaus toward the old mining-camp of Elk City. The good farming country of the Camas Prairie was found to extend for ten miles or more eastward from the South Fork of the Clearwater. Occasionally we ran across a little cabin, where the owner and occupant herded a few cattle, cultivated a small garden-patch, and now and then had a field of timothy or grain; but these were soon left behind, and we came into a rugged land of volcanic rocks, deep canyons, and mountains where anything like farming was impossible.

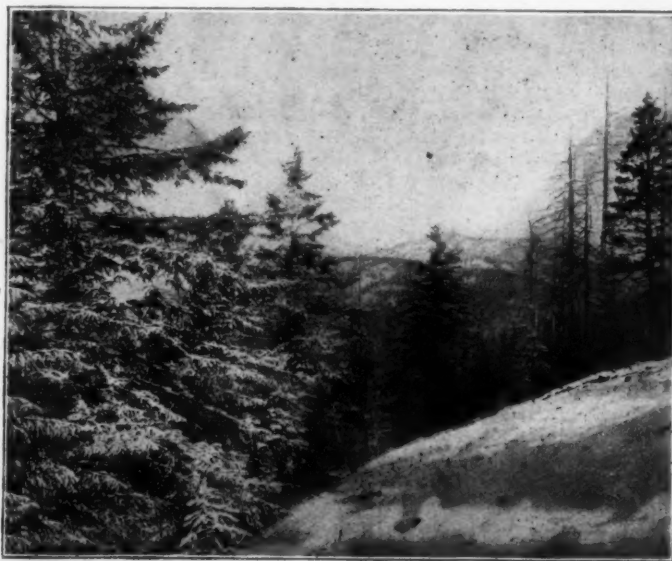
The general face of this rough land was covered with forests of black pine, none of the trees in which seemed to be of any considerable size. They were about fit for large telegraph-poles, and nothing else. Forest fires had in the past swept through this region, and traveling became almost impossible on account of the fallen timber. Frequent rains and heavy dews had produced a heavy growth of underbrush, and the rough and rocky ground was in most places so overgrown with vegetable growth, and so covered with mold, that it would seem to be a very difficult country for the prospector to find the underlying ledges and mineral rocks which certainly exist there. Every now and then, along the banks of some stream, we came upon beautiful little mead-

ows whose luxuriant grass furnished the best feed for our tired and worn saddle- and pack-horses. In these occasional meadows,—oases in the wilderness,—we pitched our camps; and in most of the streams, especially as we neared the Bitter Root Range, we found excellent trout-fishing.

The comparatively ancient mining-camp of Elk City, with its interesting history of placer mining days in the sixties, was passed through by our little caravan. This old and now sparse settlement lies on the edge of a beautiful grassy meadow in the mountain forest. It consists of one long street, with tumble-down log houses and cabins on either side. Here, at one period in the placer-mining excitement of forty years ago, was a population of 2,000 people. Here, at that period, also, was the headquarters of the desperate gang of murderers and robbers of which Henry Plummer was the chief. The history of the Elk City of those days would make up a volume of tales that are more exciting than most romances.

A few miles beyond Elk City is the beginning of the old Nez Perce Trail, which, like most Indian trails, follows the high divides of the mountains, keeping out of the heavy forests and deep canyons of the streams below. Over this trail the Nez Percés have for ages passed on their hunting journeys eastward through the Bitter Root Range to the buffalo grounds of the Yellowstone, the Missouri, and the great plains below.

In the early sixties, contemporaneous with the discovery of placer gold in Idaho, were the discoveries of wonderful placers



AMONG THE SEVEN DEVILS MOUNTAINS IN NORTHERN IDAHO.

in Alder Gulch and at Bannack, Montana. Over the Nez Perce Trail, and through the Nez Perce Pass of the Bitter Root Range, the pack-trains of white men frequently carried supplies from Lewiston, Idaho, to the Alder Gulch and Bannack mines in Montana; and much gold-dust was transported back to Lew-



iston by these same pack-trains, which were always heavily guarded by armed men.

From Elk City our party proceeded eastward on this trail to the headwaters of Red River, a stream running into the Clearwater. Here, at great expense, some enterprising men from Michigan have erected a mining dredge to obtain the gold known to exist in the rich placers along that stream. In placer mining with sluice-boxes it is necessary to have a good fall for the water running through the boxes. The gold-bearing gravel is shoveled into these boxes, and small riffles, or cleats, at the bottom catch the gold, aided often in this by quicksilver deposited there, which amalgamates with the gold. In this sort of placer mining it is necessary to have what is known as a dump for the tailings. This must necessarily be a deep depression or fall at the end of the mining ground, sufficient to get rid of the washed-out tailings as they pass through the boxes or flumes. Where the country is flat, or in a basin, and the fall and flow of water is not swift, this kind of placer mining cannot be carried on; but the invention of the mining dredge obviates the difficulty.

A mining dredge is constructed very much like an ordinary large shovel or scoop dredge, with a series of buckets, and is mounted on a large, flat bottomed scow. The water and gravel scooped up by the buckets is carried over what is called a "grizzly," a large iron frame made like a gridiron, which catches the large stones and boulders, and allows the finer gravel and gold to drop down into the sluice-boxes below, the initial point of which is on the body of the scow. These sluice-boxes are built running off in any direction from the scow that is convenient; the water, passing through the boxes, washes out the gold as in ordinary sluice-box mining, and the tailings are carried to the rear of the dredge, or to any other point desired. In this way the dredge pushes its slow progress up-stream, or in a direction at right angles or otherwise to the creek or river. The scoops or buckets excavate a pond or lake all around the dredge, and the tailings deposited from the sluice-boxes form a dam between the pond (where the dredge floats) and the stream, if desired. In this way the dredge pushes its way in any desired direction over the placer ground, and remains afloat on its supporting scow. This method of mining has proved very successful, but the construction of such a dredge is more expensive than almost any other machinery used in hydraulic placer mining. The dredge passed by our party, not far from Elk City, had been carried into that rugged wilderness in small pieces, on the backs of horses and mules, at enormous expense. It was extremely difficult to transport some pieces of the machinery

by this means, particularly the huge, unwieldy, iron "grizzly."

Of course, such a dredge is run by steam-power, and a steam engine and boilers of large capacity are necessary. The work of putting this great machine together on Red River, after it had been packed into the country in small pieces, was no ordinary one; but the incentive was the vast area of very rich placer ground known to exist there.

As we picked our way along the Nez Perce Trail, we found that the pony hoofs of the Indians, who had traveled over it for ages, had in many places worn deep into the solid rock. At other points the trail was lost for miles amid barren rocks and stony debris. It was most interesting to note, in divers instances, where the narrow trail crossed streams, that it was worn into the solid rock of the bank to a depth of eighteen inches to two feet. The unshod hoofs of Indian ponies, journeying this route for centuries, had thus marked the fords.

As we drew near to the Bitter Root Range, we found the country more rough and difficult; not so much on account of the thick timber of the forests, and the fallen trees on the trail, but because of the extraordinary erosion of the rocks. In the streams



THRESHING SCENES IN THE HARVEST FIELDS ON CAMAS PRAIRIE, NEAR GRANGEVILLE, IDAHO.

leading down to the Clearwater on the north, or toward Salmon River on the south, there were many deep and impassable canyons. It was dangerous to go down these side streams with horses, for it would be impossible to get them back out of the canyons, so steep were the slopes leading down through them. These rocky canyons, lined on each side with precipitous cliffs, extended down to the Clearwater and to the Salmon alike, and all the streams in the vicinity of the Bitter Root Range seemed, for most of their courses, to be confined in the same kind of dark and deep abysses. This is the main reason why the Nez Perce Indian trail, like most all other Indian trails in this country, keeps along the high divides between the main streams; for it is impossible to pass through the country except along the open ridges of these high divides.

The extraordinary erosion of the rocks seems to have been caused by the water and the elements slowly cutting down and into the solid strata, thus indicating an old country, geologically speaking. I have never seen in the Rocky Mountains, in Montana, or in Colorado, Wyoming, or New Mexico, such remarkable and deep erosions along nearly every stream of water as is to be found in the Clearwater Country. Evidences of widespread volcanic activity and eruption may be seen at many points, but it did not appear to me that this activity had been recent, as is the case, for instance, in the region of the Yellowstone National Park and the mountains roundabout it, notably in the Absaroka Range.

We saw large and well-defined veins of white quartz on many of the side streams near the old Nez Perce Trail. Doubtless

the future prospector and miner will investigate these outcrops, and doubtless valuable discoveries of gold will be made in many places between the Salmon and the Clearwater rivers.

Owing to an accident to my eyesight, which almost deprived me of the ability to see at all, I did not continue our journey westward into the Nez Perce Pass, which leads through the Bitter Root Range, as I at first intended to do. We counter-marched on the trail not far from a remarkable mountain lying west of the Nez Perce Pass, which stands as an eternal monument in honor of a brave and good man and his companions, who were here, in the year 1863, victims in a tragedy which is part of the early history of Idaho. It reflects everlasting honor upon the young State and Territory that the villains who were guilty of the wholesale outrage were afterwards captured in California and brought back to Lewiston and there hanged. Mount Magruder lifts its lofty crest above the scene of that awful tragedy, in honor of Lloyd Magruder, who was murdered at its base. The story of that crime, and of the vengeance which pursued the murderers of Magruder, is a chapter in the history of the West of which all people of the Rocky Mountain States may well feel proud.

Just beyond the summit of Mount Magruder is a large, yellow pine-tree at the left of the trail; imbedded deep in the tree, and now more than half-overgrown with the encroaching wood and bark, is a tin plate inscribed: "Lloyd Magruder died here Oct. 11th, 1863." Magruder was an enterprising merchant of Elk City, well known to all the placer camps of the early sixties. He was in the habit of loading his pack-trains with assorted merchandise and provisions to supply the various mining-camps, often transporting for the miners, on his return trips, their gold-dust back to civilization. He was honest and honorable, and was trusted by all good men in that vast wilderness.

He had loaded one of his pack-trains at Lewiston, in the summer of 1863, and with great courage and enterprise proceeded to make the long and dangerous journey of 500 miles, by way of the Nez Perces Trail, through the rough and unknown wilderness, through the Nez Perce Pass, and over across the head of the Bitter Root Valley, to the Bannack placer mines in that part of Idaho afterward embraced within the boundaries of Montana. A band of six desperadoes, believing that Magruder would bring back from his merchandizing trip many thousand dollars of gold-dust, laid a plan in Lewiston to rob him on his return trip from the Bannack camp.

After a few days' journey from Lewiston, following in Magruder's footsteps, the villains were joined by one William Page, an old mountain teamster, who did not, however, know their true character. The seven men followed on Magruder's trail, overtook him within three days of his arrival at Bannack, and marched in company with him to his place of destination.

On his arrival there, Magruder was disappointed to learn that the Bannack camp had been almost deserted by the miners, who had gone to the extensive gold-placers recently discovered in Alder Gulch near Virginia City, Montana, seventy-five miles distant. To Alder Gulch Magruder now conducted his pack-train, and, on arriving, found there an active mining-camp of several thousand people, all eager to purchase his wares as rapidly as he could unpack and exhibit them.

The six desperadoes, and the more or less innocent Page, found quarters in the same building occupied at Virginia City by Magruder, and he, failing in any way to recognize their true character, provided them with profitable employment during his six-weeks' stay there. They watched his great accumulations of gold-dust, but his trust in them, and in their labors for him, was without suspicion. They managed to so get into his confidence, finally, that he employed them for \$200 each to accompany him as his assistants and armed guards on the return trip to Lewiston, Idaho.

All these men, except Page, were in reality escaped convicts from the California penitentiary, as the trial afterwards proved. They had been concerned in numerous robberies and murders, and belonged to Henry Plummer's infamous gang of desperadoes, which they had recently joined. Magruder, whose residence was at Elk City, was unacquainted with their history or antecedents, and from their fidelity while in his employ had no reason to suspect their criminal designs. His enterprise at Alder Gulch turned out very fortunately, realizing to him a net profit of \$24,000 in gold-dust, and a drove of seventy fine mules. In addition to the six scoundrels and Page, Magruder had on his return trip four other men, hired as assistants and guards, who were honest and innocent of any thought of, or attempt at, crime.

The long pack-train, loaded with Magruder's golden profits and with many other cantinas of gold-dust intrusted by the miners of Alder Gulch to a man of such well-known integrity, left Virginia City one bright October morning, and moved down Alder Gulch and through the picturesque valley of the Passamari. In the distance the men saw the red hues of the Ruby Range; on their right rose the twin pinnacles of the Ram's Horn and Mill Creek; far in the distance was the superb outline of the main range of the Rocky Mountains—the vast height of Table Mountain lifting its shining plateau of snow far above the other surrounding peaks.

Over the hills, over the mountains, across streams, through canyons they passed, and Magruder sent forward a swift messenger to his wife in Idaho, telling her by letter of his great success, and that he was on the way home with his train strongly guarded by eleven good and true men.

Howard, the chief of the robber gang, was even then busy maturing a scheme to rob Magruder on the trail. This plan he now unfolded in detail to his desperate companions. It was agreed that, on the eighth day of their journey, when the pack-train should make camp in the Bitter Root Mountains on the western slope from the Nez Perce Pass, they would carry their hellish designs into execution. It was also agreed that the plot could not succeed without killing Magruder and the four men who were honest and innocent. Page was the only one to be

spared, and he was to be an accomplice.

Magruder and his unsuspecting companions were daily animated with the hope of an early reunion with their families in Idaho. As the party was about to go into camp on the evening of the eighth day of their journey, Howard, the leader, rode alongside of Page, and, in a tone of fearful earnestness, said to him:

"Page, when we go into camp tonight, drive the mule-herd half a mile away and stay with them till supper-time; we are going to kill Magruder and his four friends. You can help



CAMPING IN A WOODED SPOT ON THE BANKS OF THE SALMON, NEAR THE SEVEN DEVILS RANGE, IDAHO.

dispose of the bodies when the work is done, and share with us in the plunder. As you value your life, do not breathe a word of this to anyone."

Page was thunderstruck and terrified; reckless as his life had been, no stain of blood was as yet on his hands. Gladly would he have warned Magruder, but, fearful of Howard's threat, he remained silent, and agreed to follow the directions of the conspirators.

The spot where they camped was a pretty little mountain meadow near the grand peak now known as Mount Magruder. Here was plenty of wood, water, and grass, and the camp was sheltered by the foliage of overhanging pines and redwoods. Above them rose the lofty mountain which witnessed their murder, and is now their monument. From its summit could be seen for many miles that whole vast, eroded wilderness of mountains, hills, and canyons; and westward, toward the setting sun, wound the Nez Perce Trail, leading down to the little settlement of Elk City and the fertile Camas Prairie. Looming up against the blood-red sky in the distant west was the arched back of the Buffalo Hump, now crested with the early snows of autumn. Just before dark on this fatal eighth day, the party went into camp. Every sign indicated the approach of one of those fierce snow-

storms common in that high altitude in October. Page drove the herd of mules half a mile away, as he was ordered to do by Howard; the other men of the party gathered around the camp-fire, awaiting supper.

Magruder, on all these trips, made it a custom to post his sentinels and to guard his camp every night. It was arranged that he himself, and Lowery, one of the desperadoes, should stand guard until 10 o'clock that night—the hour agreed upon by the conspirators for the commission of the crime. As the two men arose to leave the camp to go on guard, Lowery, picking up an ax, remarked, "We shall likely need some wood, and I'll take this ax along." This was the signal for all to retire. Page spread his blankets and those of Allen, and the two men went to bed; Page, not to sleep, and Allen quite ignorant of the awful fate that awaited him. The two brothers named Chalmers made their bed twenty yards from the camp-fire, and were soon asleep; and Romaine, one of the villains, stretched himself beside Phillips, who was soon to be his unsuspecting victim. Howard, the arch fiend of the brutal tragedy, remained awake and on his feet by the camp-fire, ready for any service when the fatal hour should arrive.

The sleep of those toil-worn men came quickly, and the only wakeful eyes in the camp were those on guard—Magruder and Lowery; and Howard, the wretched Page, and the other conspirators. Magruder and Lowery, just before 10 o'clock, were sitting by the camp-fire in friendly conversation. Magruder looked at his watch, and said:

"It is nearly 10 o'clock"—filling his pipe for the last time, while unconsciously announcing the hour of his doom.

"We'll put some wood on the fire," said Lowery, picking up the ax and arising.

Lloyd Magruder bent forward to light his pipe, when the ax, in the hands of Lowery, descended with a fearful crash into his brain. Howard, who had been concealed near, sprang forward and, snatching the ax from Lowery, struck several additional blows into the lifeless body of the unfortunate Magruder.

The villains then hurried to the spot where the Chalmers brothers were lying, quickly killed them with the ax, and Romaine plunged his bowie-knife into the breast of Phillips, with

fearful oaths. Allen, awakened by the death-groans of the Chalmers brothers, arose to a sitting posture and rubbed his eyes, but Howard blew out his brains with charges of buckshot from both barrels of his gun, shooting from just behind him.

The work of assassination was complete, and the murderers were now in possession of the gold which had tempted them to their awful deed. Page lay quivering with fear in his blankets until he was summoned by Howard to assist in disposing of the bodies.

A heavy snow-storm now set in. The bodies of the victims were wrapped in blankets, with the assistance of Page, and then they were cast over a steep precipice into a canyon 800 feet deep.

The camp equipage, saddles, blankets, guns, pistols, and

everything not needed for immediate use were burned in the camp-fire, and the iron scraps were also cast over the precipice. When morning dawned, not a vestige of the ghastly tragedy was visible; the camp was covered with a depth of two feet of snow, and the tempest still raged.

The only fear that haunted the murderers was that concerning their escape from the country. They desired to avoid Lewiston, but found no means of doing so. They passed around Elk City, and, after several days' travel, arrived on the banks of the Clearwater

with only a single day's rations per man. They were now obliged to obtain food in Lewiston. With them they had brought only riding-horses and their well-filled cantinas of gold-dust; their necessary blankets and provisions were carried on a few pack-mules. In a little canyon near the trail, where their crumbling bones may be seen to this day, the heartless wretches had shot down the entire herd of seventy-five mules brought back by Magruder.

No man in Lewiston, save one, suspected the tragedy which had occurred at the base of Mount Magruder; this was Hill Beachy, whose honored name is inscribed forever in the annals of the Rocky Mountain States as the avenger of Lloyd Magruder. He was Magruder's trusted friend, and right loyally did he carry out those moral obligations which, in a prosaic age, are deemed quixotic by many men whose lives are governed by the doctrine of self-interest.

Whatever may have been the state of lawlessness in Lewiston during the early sixties, the vengeance visited upon the murderers of Magruder, and the righteous action of the first vigilance committee of Lewiston afterwards, has amply vindicated the good name of Idaho, and has crowned with honor the good men and true who finally drove the desperadoes and villains from the Territory, and restored the reign of law and order.

Hill Beachy was the proprietor of the Luna House in Lewiston, and loved no man more than he did Lloyd Magruder. He had a dream one night, in which he said he "saw Chris. Lowery dash out Magruder's brains with an ax." He related this dream to his wife, and expressed fears for the safety of his friend. She said that it was absurd. A few other people who heard of Hill Beachy's dream laughed at the idea, and said that Lloyd Magruder was a very careful man, who always traveled with his pack-trains well guarded by well-armed and faithful men.

But Hill Beachy's spiritual convictions gave him no rest. One night, about the time Magruder should have arrived, four men, their faces concealed by mufflers and their forms enveloped in heavy overcoats and blankets, with hoods on their caps turned down to hide their eyes, clambered into the coach just starting from the Luna House in Lewiston for Walla Walla.



NOT AN UNFAMILIAR SCENE IN THE FERTILE AGRICULTURAL DISTRICTS OF NORTHERN IDAHO.

The quick eye of Beachy detected that each of them had a pair of well-filled cantinas of gold-dust on his lap. As the coach drove off, Beachy turned to a friend standing near, and in a low but emphatic tone said:

"Lloyd Magruder has been murdered; those cantinas were filled with Magruder's money. I shall leave this town and follow them until I bring them to justice." At this point Judge Berry, standing by, said:

"What! on mere suspicion of their having murdered Magruder? Why, Hill, the whole town will laugh at you. You cannot arrest men without evidence; besides that, Mrs. Magruder told me last night that she did not expect her husband home quite yet, although she has received a letter from him saying that he was on the way."

"I know that Magruder is dead," said Hill Beachy, "and I believe those villains were his murderers. From this night I am on their track."

Beachy's wife tried to dissuade him from his design of giving up his business and following the coach, but at last she began to be convinced that there must be something in her husband's dream; and as she, with tearful eyes, bade him farewell, she took his hand, and, in a tone softened by the grief of parting, said:

"Hill, you must either return with those villains, or look up a new wife."

Beachy followed the intuitions of his soul, and tracked the villains to Portland, Oregon, but arrived there just after they had taken the ocean steamer for San Francisco. He would be obliged to wait ten days for another steamer. He spent his own money with a liberal hand, trying by every means to discover some tangible evidence of the guilt of the men he was pursuing. He never doubted their guilt in his own mind, but he did not as yet have a scintilla of evidence on which to convict them, or even to arrest them. He must now either wait in Portland ten days for another steamer, or undertake the overland journey of 700 miles to San Francisco over the terrible roads of winter; but, nothing daunted, he hired a buggy and left Portland at night, driving furiously to Salem, Oregon, where he overtook the mail-coach next day. Finding the coach too slow through the mountains, he bought a horse and galloped on, riding night and day until he fell asleep in the saddle, awakening at last to find his horse had strayed far from the main road. Again seeking the highway, he hired another buggy, and drove until his horse was exhausted and he had overtaken another coach, which was ahead of the first one he had boarded.

Two days afterward he arrived at Yreka, Cal. Here he telegraphed a long dispatch to the chief of police at San Francisco, describing the murder and the men whom he believed had committed it. Twenty-four hours afterward he was overjoyed to receive a reply that the men he was pursuing were in prison in San Francisco, and awaiting his arrival. The second day after that he confronted the prisoners in their cell in that city; they had been arrested two days before, and Howard and Lowery were at once recognized as escaped convicts from the State Penitentiary of California.

The villains had already entered into an elaborate plan for bribing the officers of the law with the gold they had brought with them. Able lawyers were ready to help them to escape; but still Hill Beachy outwitted them all. He spent four weeks in San Francisco in his efforts to obtain the custody of the

prisoners; one court after another decided not to surrender them, but each time Hill Beachy managed to detain and hold them upon first one kind of a writ and then another. At length the supreme court of California decided in favor of their surrender to the authorities of Idaho Territory for trial.

Beachy, fearing similar legal delays in Oregon, obtained from General Wright, of the United States army, then commander of the military Department of the Pacific, an order to take the prisoners from the mouth of the Columbia River and deliver them with all possible dispatch to the civil authorities at Lewiston, Idaho, under a guard of soldiers.

Then, by a series of masterly maneuvers, Beachy managed to get Page, who was more or less innocent of the actual crime, to turn State's evidence. He also rescued the prisoners from the hands of a vigilance committee in Portland, who wanted to hang them, and demanded, when they arrived in Lewiston, that his prisoners should receive a fair and impartial trial. "Give them a square deal," said gallant Hill Beachy to the impetuous leader of the vigilantes.

More than a hundred men who were summoned as jurors were rejected in Lewiston before an impartial jury was obtained. Good counsel was provided for the prisoners, and after a protracted trial, in which the guilty men received all and more than their legal rights, they were found guilty and sentenced to be hanged on the 4th day of March, 1864,—six weeks after their trial. Page escaped punishment, having turned State's evidence. Lowery and Romaine confessed all the particulars of the murder; Howard alone, the arch villain and leader, denied the crime to the last, and died unrepentant and defiant. The scaffold was erected in a little basin encircled by the abrupt hillsides back of Lewiston, and several thousand spectators, including almost the entire Nez Perce tribe of Indians, witnessed the execution.

A few weeks afterward, Hill Beachy and a few friends, with Page as their guide, passed over the old Nez Perce Trail to the scene of the murder, and returned with the remains of Lloyd Magruder and such of the other victims as could be found and identified. All were decently buried in the cemetery at Lewiston.

After great and protracted difficulties, Beachy succeeded in

getting back \$17,000 of the stolen gold-dust, which the murderers had deposited in the United States mint at San Francisco. This he turned over to Magruder's widow and heirs. After some years, however, the Legislature of Idaho appropriated and paid back to him some part of the large expense he had incurred in the pursuit, capture, and prosecution of the murderers. He always declared, to his dying day, that he did what he did in the sacred name of friendship for "a good man and true," and that he



A PARTING VIEW OF BUFFALO HUMP, THE BIG BUFFALO MINE SHOWING IN THE FOREGROUND.

was guided by the dream which he told to his wife and a few friends. He had then followed swiftly and without faltering on the trail, until he found the murderers.

Beachy subsequently removed to San Francisco, where he died in the year 1875, esteemed and honored by all who knew him. He was one of the noble pioneers whose heroism helped to found upon the everlasting rocks of justice and virtue the new commonwealth of Idaho. So long as Mount Magruder shall stand; so long as the Clearwater shall pour its crystal waters into the swift floods of the Snake and the Columbia; so long as there shall be any history preserved of Idaho, the story of Lloyd Magruder and of Hill Beachy, his avenger, will be told for the edification of young and old, and as an example of that

glorious and exalted quality of manhood so often produced in the Rocky Mountain States.

It must not be imagined that the villains and desperadoes who infested Lewiston and the northern mines of Idaho in the early sixties were left to continue their sway very long without punishment. Just as in Montana the good and law-abiding men, who were there far removed from courts of justice and all lawfully constituted government, took the law into their own hands and punished murderers, robbers, and other villains, so in Idaho, with Lewiston as its center, the First Vigilance Committee of Idaho came into existence.

Public sentiment had at last crystallized and gathered strongly day by day, until the necessity of administering justice and punishing outrageous crimes became apparent to all. Men assembled on the street-corners, in the stores, in the saloons, and in some of the mining-camps and under the open trees, to compare views and to consult upon measures of relief.

The first hangings by the first vigilance committee of Idaho were three murderers and robbers named Peoples, Scott, and English. They were confined in an unfinished building on the banks of the Clearwater, which was strongly guarded day and night. On the day fixed for the execution, the people gathered around this prison; the guards were gone, and the door stood ajar. Unable to restrain their curiosity, and fearful that the scoundrels had been rescued, some citizens pushed the door wide open. There, hanging by the neck, stark and cold, they beheld the bodies of the three desperadoes; justice had at last been done, and the first vigilance committee of the northern mines had commenced its work.

No one knew or cared to know who had actually executed these men, but every good man felt that the action was right and just, and the whole community of Lewiston and the little mining-camps in the Clearwater Country breathed freer now than at any former period. News of the executions spread far and wide throughout the Territory; it was received with emphatic approval by all good citizens, but it filled the robber bands with consternation. It heralded to them the beginning of the end of their lawless and bloody reign.

One of the chief scoundrels,—a companion and lieutenant of Henry Plummer, who was the grand chief of all the robber gangs,—while on his way across the Camas Prairie from Florence to Lewiston, met a well-known and honest miner and asked him what was the news in Lewiston?

"I s'pose you've heerd about the hangin' of them fellers at Lewiston?"

"No; haven't heard. What's the particulars?"

"Well, Bill Peoples, Dave English, and Nels Scott have gone up the flume. They strung 'em up in Lewiston like dried salmon. 'Happy Harry' got out of the way in time, but if they catch 'Club-Foot George,' his life won't be worth a cent. They're after some more of the cusses now up in Florence."

"Do you know who they're after in Florence?"

"Yes; Charley Harper is one of the big chiefs of the gang, and they're just achin' to get hold of him. They want to hang him somewhere out here on the Camas Prairie. Didn't you hear about some of the committee huntin' fer him?"

The man who listened to the innocent miner was Harper himself. He felt that the country was now become too hot to hold him, and, as soon as the honest miner was out of sight, he crossed the Clearwater some miles above Lewiston, and fled from Idaho to British Columbia.

DRAMATIC SALE OF A MONTANA HORSE.

In describing the recent sale of the late Marcus Daly's horses in New York City, notably the bidding on the famous Hamburg, a writer for a metropolitan journal says that there is much of the dramatic in the selling of a great horse with an international reputation. Hamburg did not take any particular interest in the proceedings, except to give an impatient toss of his head now and then to express his disapproval of the whole affair. It is not a pleasant thing to be taken out of a comfortable box in Montana, to be cooped up on a dusty railroad

train for a week, to be walked about, and to be stared at by everybody.

There was a clapping of hands the moment the horse made his appearance, and the applause might have grown to richer proportions had not the auctioneer and his assistants hissed it down. It is not well to add to the irritation of a great horse, and hand-clapping might not please him.

The auctioneer got right down to business, and asked for a bid for the animal. There was a pause of perhaps two minutes, and the crowd grew strangely silent. They waited as for a death verdict in a court-room.

Then a dark man over the ring from the auctioneer raised his hand, and said, "Forty thousand."

Everybody who could see the dark man said:

"John Madden. Wonder who he's bidding for?"

Madden has wealth enough to bid for himself, but nobody seemed to think that he nodded in his own interest.

That starter seemed to take the wind out of everybody's sails. For five minutes not another word was said, except by the auctioneer, and then people began to say:

"There will be only one bid. That will settle it. Madden will get the horse. I told you so."

But by and by a white-haired man, with an Irish face and a Western hat, remarked that he would give a thousand dollars more.

Then a quiet individual right behind the auctioneer joined in to say that he would be willing to pay \$45,000 for the horse.

John Madden confided to the crowd that he would give \$50,000. The man behind the auctioneer raised that a thousand, and then the man under the Western hat jumped it to \$55,000.

There was another long pause, and the man behind the auctioneer dropped out. The auctioneer pleaded with him to stay in and see the thing through, but he had done his duty in the matter, and was ready to quit.

The man under the Western hat and John Madden had it all to themselves, at a thousand a raise, until the Western-hat man got to \$57,000. There he hung. Madden said he would give \$60,000.

The auctioneer turned again to the man under the Western hat; but he had gone as far as his instructions permitted, and there was no more business in his neighborhood.

The auctioneer talked about giving the horse away, but nobody answered with a bid, and at last the little hammer dropped. Hamburg was sold to William C. Whitney for \$60,000. For Madden was bidding for Whitney, and John Mackay—the man under the Western hat—served as a Haggin representative, though he may possibly have been bidding for some English gentleman that wanted the horse.

ABOUT LARIATS.

A good rawhide lariat costs from \$8 to \$25, and is, therefore, rather too expensive for the average boy; but, even if it were within his reach, it would be of little use to him, for the regulation lasso is from forty to fifty feet long, and far too heavy for a beginner to handle. There is, perhaps, no possession of the cowboys more subject to variation than the lasso; what is exactly suited to one, seems altogether unfitted for another; and without his own particular style of rope, a man loses half his efficiency.

Real rawhide ropes are buried underground for some two weeks, and are afterwards greased with mutton tallow to make them pliable. Two weeks underground will not improve a linen or hemp rope, but the greasing is strongly advised; only be careful when you hang up your lasso when not using it, for grease has a very penetrating quality.

The art of throwing a lariat cannot be reduced to rule. No two men do it alike. If you ask a cowboy to teach you, he will say that every man must learn to do it for himself, by practice. He will be quite willing to show you how he throws the rope, but his style will be quite different from the very next cowboy you meet, and is certain to be entirely different from the method you finally adopt.

A Glimpse of . . . Sunnyside, Washington.

BY . . .
S. J.
HARRISON.

This little village lies in the heart of the greatest irrigation system of the whole of the Northwest. Its winters are mild and short. Stock kept on the range have required no feed whatever in the past two winters. No winter on record has had more than five days when mercury fell below zero, and never a day when it remained below zero for twenty-four consecutive hours.

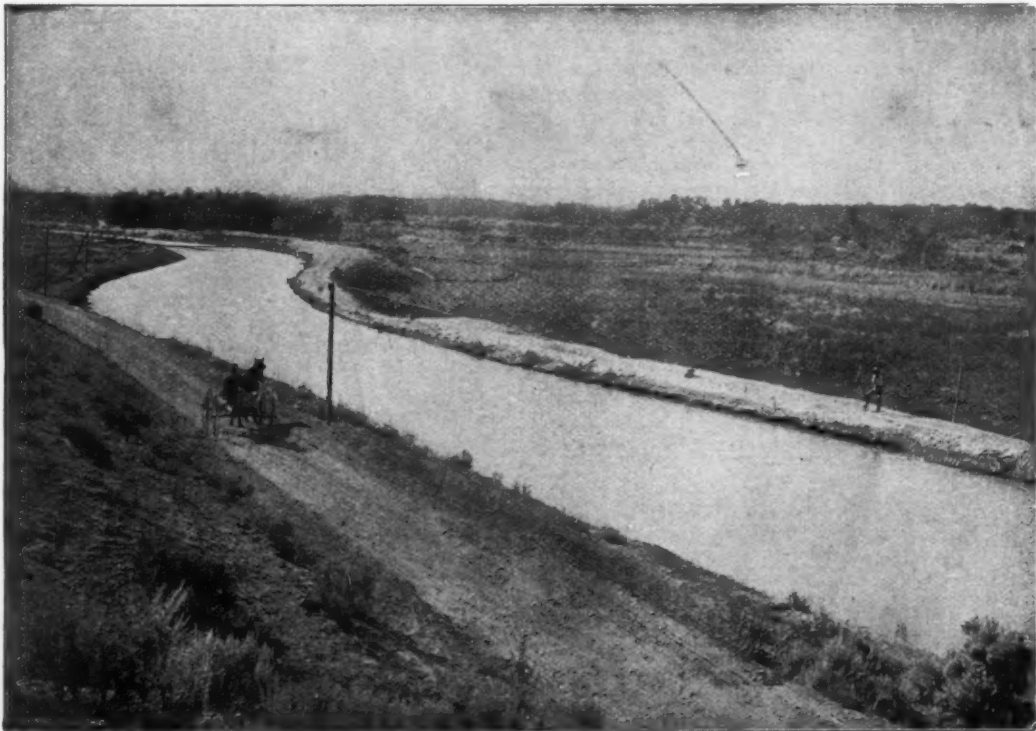
The soil is a volcanic ash of unknown depth. There is no "hard-pan" or alkali, except on first bottom of the river. The supply of water is abundant and unfailing, it being taken out of Yakima River, just below Union Gap, by a canal thirty-two feet wide at the bottom, sixty feet wide at the top, and eight feet deep, with a carrying capacity of seven hundred and fifty "second feet" (cubic feet per second of time), which is equivalent to thirty-four inches of rainfall between April 1 and November 1.

The combination of such a climate, soil, and water supply as we possess is the foundation for the greatest possible diversity of agricultural, horticultural, and stock industries. The conditions approximate perfection for the production of wheat, corn, rye, oats, barley, potatoes, carrots, sugar beets, pumpkins, melons, alfalfa, clover, timothy, blue-grass, apples, peaches, pears, plums, prunes, cherries, and all kinds of berries, together with horses, cattle, hogs, sheep, and poultry. The extensive alfalfa fields make this country a paradise for the apiarist. Within three miles of Sunnyside there was produced last year not less than four thousand tons of hay, and not over one-tenth of the land in this area is yet under cultivation.

The town of Sunnyside was laid out on a magnificent scale by Walter Oakes, son of the ex-president of the Northern Pacific Railway, and Walter N. Granger, superintendent of the irrigation system. It was to be the idol of the valley; but the panic, and the rascality of the president of the irrigation company brought grief instead of glory to the promoters. The irrigation company went into the hands of receivers, and Sunnyside was as a cloud without water until a party of Dunkards were induced by the Northern Pacific Railway Company to colonize there in 1898. They came with money, and began extensive farm development. Their improvements were made so substantial that no one could doubt their intention of making permanent homes. The more they became acquainted with the country, the better they liked it. A systematic correspondence was opened up with their relatives and friends in the East, so that now this section of country is filling up more rapidly than any other rural district in the State.

The Dunkards own the town site, and insert a clause in conveyances prohibiting forever saloons, gambling, and prostitution. They began with the motto: "Ideal homes, schools, and churches," and they have conscientiously striven to realize the motto. Although the promoters are all Dunkards, they have shown the same courtesy to other evangelical churches as to their own. They have earnestly contended for a federation of churches, which has finally crystalized in an organization of Methodists, Congregationalists, Baptists, Presbyterians, and Dunkards for the purpose of erecting a church house that will seat six to eight hundred people. It goes without saying that where Christian people co-operate as they do here, the very highest social and religious standards are attained.

The nearest railroad station is Mabton, Wash., on the Northern Pacific Railway, on the opposite side of the river from the irrigation system. It is a most desolate-looking place to one unacquainted with arid land; but the application of water transforms it into gardens of paradise.



VIEW OF THE SUNNYSIDE CANAL IN YAKIMA COUNTY, WASH.

This canal is thirty-two feet wide at the bottom, sixty feet in width at the top, eight feet in depth, and has a carrying capacity of seven hundred and fifty cubic feet of water per second. The water is taken from the Yakima River, just below Union Gap, and the supply is as unfailing as it is abundant.*

HER FIRST ASSIGNMENT.

By E. T. GUNDLACH.

She had always had literary ambitions, so she declared; and now her chance had come. The city editor of the great metropolitan daily was her friend, and he proposed to put a green woman reporter on regular assignments.

Miss Carrie Bradley hardly dreamt of the experiences that were in store for her. She had had an inkling of the rough usages to which women are exposed when they must trot around in the world of men, asking impudent questions, and giving answers to other questions that are still more impudent, but "what of it?" she wrote to her chum. "If I am ever going to be a real woman, it is time for me to begin. I surely ought to be old enough now to come out of the task unharmed. And you see, dear, I've had these vague ambitions for years, and now I feel that I was called to this work."

So, at the call of the city editor, Miss Carrie came. Be it said that she was a sweet, demure little woman, of somewhat nervous temperament, and extremely sensitive. She had been employed for some time as stenographer for the managing editor; and, though the latter was far better than the average man, she had found constant cause to complain of the rough usages to which working-girls were subjected. On one occasion, for instance, the managing editor had invited her to come down to the office on a day when the reporters would assemble for a good time, and this had made her highly indignant; on another occasion she wondered what indiscretion she had committed to warrant the insulting remark that pretty stenographers were always in demand.

But the city editor thought only of the girl's literary ambitions. "Now, Miss Bradley," he began, "they say that young Riggs, the son of the iron manufacturer, is going to marry one of the girls employed in his father's office. No name given, but we want the story. Play it up for half a column."

"I suppose you've heard of Riggs,—'Regi' Riggs, I believe it is,"—the city editor resumed, when he saw that his reporter was so bewildered.

Indeed, Carrie *had* heard of Riggs. She could have told her own little story in that connection, which, had it not been so old—more than two years old—would have made better newspaper reading than the alleged betrothal to a girl in his father's factory.

"Would she have to go and see Riggs?" the girl asked, in despair. Anything but that, she thought.

"Of course not," the city editor replied; and now the difficulty of dealing with an inexperienced reporter, even when that reporter is a charming young woman, dawned upon him. In fact, all her charms seemed to be lost for the moment, as, with a bunch of copy before him, the city editor grumbled the word "Nonsense!"

Carrie was shocked; but, as she was now to be a newspaper reporter, she said nothing.

"Wouldn't think of seeing Riggs," the city editor continued. "He wouldn't give up a word of the story. Go and nose about the old man's factory a bit; you'll get the name of the girl without trouble, for they'll all be gossiping about her. Then hunt up the father, and talk to him as though you knew all about it. Ask him what steps he will take to stop the wedding, and his answers will tell you quick enough if there's any wedding in the air or not. If you want to work on a newspaper, just remember that you've got to get the news; that's all there is about it."

By this time the city editor's fist was blue-penciling at a rapid rate, and he did not even look at Carrie toward the close of his speech. How different he was, she thought, from the pleasant man who had chatted with her during off hours! She felt like throwing the assignment back at "the brute" and taking a good cry all by herself. But, then, she had literary ambitions,

you know; and so, with puzzled brain and aching heart, she turned away.

"Now go after the story, dear," an older woman, the regular society reporter, whispered. "This is your try; and, remember, you can't afford to fall down on an assignment."

No; Carrie couldn't afford to give up; so try she must. But *such* an assignment! Rob Riggs,—"*Regi*," his pet name was—once upon a time had been—well, he had been her friend. But it didn't matter, she thought. Of course he would be married some day; she certainly didn't care. Oh! if only she didn't have to see him on that terrible assignment!

By this time the city editor and the society reporter were busily engaged on their own work, and did not look up when Miss Bradley left the office. Picking up her skirts, for the rain was falling drizzlingly, she walked herself out of breath, so anxious was she to get to the iron factory. With a grim determination to forget all about Regi, thinking only of her assignment and her literary ambitions, she stepped up to the door of the factory office. There she stopped. Oh, dear! If Regi happened to be inside, what would she do? But she knew that he worked in the bank way down-town, so there was really nothing to fear on that score. Still, there was the thought of walking into that office with all the strange men about, and the women looking at her, while she asked questions! Yes, it was pretty rough.

Her hand already rested on the door-knob, but after a bit she decided to think things over just a few moments longer. So



"On the way thither, and in spite of the dismal rain, he assured her that . . . his matrimonial horizon was still unclouded."

she started to walk around the block; then she circumnavigated it once more; and finally she circled the block a third time, in the opposite direction. Just then an elderly man, apparently a clerk in the office, stepped out. To Carrie he seemed as if sent by the gods. Of course, the elderly gentleman was very polite. He was no less pleasant when Carrie stated that she was a reporter, and blurted out in great confusion that she wanted to learn what girl Mr. Riggs, Jr., had intended to marry; for what man, young or old, would not be pleasant, and continue a con-

versation a few minutes beyond absolute need, when a young woman, and a pretty young woman at that, is the interlocutor? Smiles and questions, such as "How is the news?" and "How do you like your work?" constituted the only information Carrie could secure. She was deeply vexed at the man's easy familiarity, and hardly knew what to do next.

Nerving herself, finally, however, she stepped inside the office. The place looked like most any other office—with men and girls hard at work, and an air of silence over all. How Carrie deported herself, I cannot tell in detail. Naturally enough, she was embarrassed beyond measure. How could she think of some simple question which would throw the office people off their guard? Instead, she edged up to a girl stenographer whose face looked a bit less unsympathetic than the rest, and again asked the same question she had already addressed to the clerk outside. The big eyes of the stenographer opened in astonishment. Then Carrie turned to one, and then to another, man. As the first merely shrugged his shoulders, and the second, finding that she had come to pry into the personal affairs of Mr. Riggs, gruffly told her that she could learn nothing, her heart sank within her. Oh, if Regi or Regi's father had seen her then!

Now, it must be said that if Carrie had been a real reporter, the right kind of a reporter, she would have carried herself with that combination of reserve and assumption of absolute authority which nearly always forbids a snub. But Carrie was no more than a meek and gentle woman—diffident, sensitive, and nervous; and so, before anyone could tell how it happened, she sank down into the nearest chair, and, quite unlike a reporter, broke out in a genuine fit of cries.

The man, who had glanced significantly at the door, winced; the girls, who had stared at her coldly, turned their gaze on the office man as if to say, "You brute!"; and, all of a sudden, the cheeky reporter was forgotten in the sympathy for the frail woman. Several girls came forward, and the clerks rushed about for cold water and for camphor-bottles; for Carrie, you know, was a pretty girl, and camphor-bottles are always in demand.

Such was the state of affairs when a young man entered the factory.

"She's a reporter," said one of the clerks, in reply to the newcomer's question; "wants to know something about an alleged clandestine marriage of yours. How about that, Regi?"

Carrie looked up, and Regi looked down. Carrie turned purple under her tears, and Regi fumbled nervously with his hat.

"What—what's the matter, Miss Bradley?" he stammered. "You—you—have actually become a newspaper woman?"

Carrie broke out in renewed sobs. "I only wanted to know the name of the woman you are going to marry," she cried. "The city editor says it's a scoop."

A smile flitted about, and several of the girls winked; they had heard something of Regi's past relations with Carrie, and the little drama was now becoming spicy. As for Regi, he only laughed in a feeble sort of way.

"That's all nonsense!" he mumbled. "Some of the boys played a joke on me; that's all."

It didn't take Carrie long to recover, and when she had ceased crying, Regi courteously begged to accompany her back to the office. On the way thither, and in spite of the dismal rain, he assured her that the alleged wedding or wedding-to-be was all a fake, and that his matrimonial horizon was still unclouded.

"But the city editor says we should never take 'no' for an answer," Carrie replied. "He says they always try to bluff us."

That was all that happened that day. Carrie went back to the office, and had to confess that she had "fallen down" on her assignment.

The next evening Regi called on her, and he called again a few days later; and, although he was only a banker, he had the newspaper man's instinct of refusing to take "no" for an answer.

Carrie had gone out on her first and her last assignment. The city editor never tried her again, and it wasn't long before she resigned her position as private stenographer in the managing editor's office.

A WONDERFUL STOREHOUSE OF MINERALS.

The Deadwood (Black Hills, S. D.) *Pioneer-Times* declares that, with one exception, the Black Hills Country contains more minerals to the square acre than any other region on earth. Fifty per cent of the known metals, not mentioning the metalloids, are found within an area of 100 square miles. Few people in and out of the Black Hills realize the enormous deposits of valuable metals—outside of gold and silver—produced yearly. Little account is made of these metals, because the Black Hills region is looked upon as a gold-bearing region alone.

A market is always open for any metals, if of sufficient percentage in value. A fifty-per-cent product finds a ready demand, and every atom above this per cent calls for an increase in its value equal to the additional number of atoms contained. These low-grade metalliferous ores can be made to carry fifty per cent in value by the single system of concentration. Some of them are capable of a ninety-per-cent concentration, at a very little cost.

There are two ways of increasing the value of ores by concentration: one is by the use of water, and the other is by the dry method. By the wet method, jigs, vanners, and a number of other mechanical methods are manufactured to produce these results. But for the dry method, wind machines, electrical appliances, and gravimetric tables are coming into more general use for this purpose, because a greater amount of ore can be treated than by the wet method.

The gravimetric table, patented by Dr. J. A. Ogden, is capable of concentrating enormous quantities of ore by rapid elimination of gangue material. Ores that carry ten per cent in metals can be concentrated so fine that one ton of concentrates contains the products of ten tons of the raw material, increasing a five-per-cent ore to a fifty-per-cent product. One ton of ore of a fifty-per-cent value can be shipped to any part of the country and bring a good profit. The actual cost of concentration by this method does not exceed twenty-five cents per ton.

Antimony, bismuth, chromium, copper, gold, iron, lead, manganese, mercury, platinum, silver, tin, tungsten, molybdenum, uranium, zinc—all these metals exist here in the Black Hills, and are capable of rapid concentration. They could be put on the market and be sold at a good price.

The value of the Black Hills is yet to be determined, and unless capital can be induced to take an interest in such matters, it will lie dormant many years longer.

QUITE A NUGGET OF COPPER.

The Anaconda Copper Mining Company has presented to the museum of the Montana State School of Mines the specimen of copper ore which formed the chief feature of its exhibit at the Omaha Exposition in 1898. This specimen is undoubtedly the largest of its kind ever put on exhibition, it weighing approximately 3,500 pounds. It is of the highest grade ore, being nearly pure copper glance, or chalcocite. The company not only presented the two-ton specimen to the school, but also delivered and set it in place. It was originally obtained from the hanging-wall on the 1,300-foot level of the Never Sweat mine.

SOME WASHINGTON FOREST PRODUCTS.

A record in large and long timbers was broken recently in Duluth by seven sticks of Washington fir, the like of which have never been seen at the head of the lakes before. Four of these timbers were one hundred feet in length, and three of them were fifty-eight feet long and forty inches square. To cut the last-named sticks necessitated the finding of trees that were six feet in diameter sixty feet from their trunks, and clear all the way through. No one who has not stood alongside of such a tree can appreciate its truly gigantic proportions.



THOUGHT IT WAS FOR HIM.

Willard H. Herren came up recently from his lower eight-mile ranch, and brought with him several wild geese for his Heppner friends.

He and Myron Slatt were out hunting the wild geese down there one day, and shot eleven head. They staked out a tame goose in some stubble, and had hardly got away from it before it began to squawk for dear life. A coyote had watched the staking process, and had then sneaked up on the goose, and, had he seized it by the throat instead of by the wing, he would have succeeded in dragging it away.

As it was, the squawking attracted the attention of the hunters, and they poured hot shot into the coyote. He dropped the goose and skipped, but he was so tough that the fusillade only knocked out a few of his feathers.

A FOOLHARDY SWIM.

A swim across the Bow River is hardly to the liking of most people at this time of the year, observes the Calgary *Albertan*, yet this feat was accomplished on a recent Saturday morning by an intrepid Englishman. The affair was the outcome of a wager for one hundred and fifty dollars, and the swimmer won by a good stroke.

About 6 o'clock A. M., Mr. Taylor, a recent arrival, proceeded to the vicinity of the C. & E. bridge, in company with a few friends, and, divesting himself of all clothing other than an ordinary bathing-suit, broke the ice for about twenty feet from the edge, and took to the icy waters, which would chill even in midsummer.

The river is very wide at this point, and had not Taylor been a powerful swimmer he must surely have failed. The spectators held their breath as the brave man swirled around the ice-floes, dodging to avoid being crushed, and it was not until he fought his way through to the shore and landed that they felt relieved.

The hundred and fifty dollars were won, but it gives a person a cold chill down the back to even think about it! Taylor was received in warm clothing, and was driven back to town, having earned good wages, although it is said that he didn't need the money, but would not take a bluff.

BATTLE WITH A MAD MOOSE.

Not long ago a giant moose appeared in the streets of Cass Lake, Minn., and charged directly at a little knot of men standing in front of the only store in town. It was seen that the brute was in a violent temper, so every one made a rush for safety. John Olson, a settler, failed to escape, however, and was so severely trampled by the moose that he will probably die.

After leaving the man, the animal turned his attention to a lot of dogs which were attacking him, and speedily killed three of the number, his sharp hoofs cutting them almost to pieces.

By this time several rifles had been turned upon the crazy animal, and many bullets found a lodging-place in his body. These seemed but to increase the anger of the brute, and he started on a general raid. Two cows, walking along the street, attracted his attention, and he attacked them, killing both in short order. Then he made a rush for the store-building—in

which seven or eight men were taking refuge, each one firing his rifle as fast as he could.

Although fearfully wounded, the moose managed to break all the glass in the front windows, battered down part of the wall, broke in the door, and smashed two show-cases.

By this time the loss of blood began to tell upon him, and, while trying to get over the counter behind which the men had taken refuge, he dropped to the floor, where his throat was cut. His carcass weighed almost 1,200 pounds, and in the body were found twenty-three bullets.

MARCUS DALY'S KINDNESS.

"I knew the late Marcus Daly fairly well," said a Western man to a party of friends the other day, "and I can bear testimony to the blunt kindness that made him so wonderfully popular among the rough miners of Northern Montana. He was a merciless bargain-driver, and seemed to take a sportsmanlike pleasure in the pursuit of money; but, once secured, he would give it away as prodigally as a prince.

"I recall a little incident that illustrates both phases of his character. In '89 or thereabouts, a very decent sort of fellow, who was running a grocery store in Butte City, got in hard lines financially, through no fault of his own, and found it would be necessary to raise about \$3,000 to tide him over the crisis. He asked a bank, in which Mr. Daly was a director, to discount his note for that amount, and offered some mining stock as collateral. The application was considered by the officials and favorably passed upon, when Daly happened in and promptly turned it down. He declared that the chances were decidedly against the note being paid, and that the stock was certain to depreciate before the paper matured.

"The story of his interference was related to the grocer by a friend on the board of directors, and, naturally, he was deeply embittered. He declared that Daly had gone out of his way to ruin him, and cursed him for a heartless old rascal.

"A few days later, Daly himself dropped in at the store. 'I hear you're hard up, my boy,' said he; 'what's the situation, in a few words?' The grocer told him rather sullenly how he stood.

"That's all right," said Daly. 'I had to throw out your note the other day, because I make it a rule not to let the bank take risky paper; but I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you my personal check for the amount, and put your note in my safe. If you can't take it out when it falls due, you can make out another one.'

"The grocer was so surprised that he could hardly express his thanks, and, incidentally, he mentioned the collateral.

"Oh, hang the collateral!" said Daly. 'I ain't doing this as a business proposition—I just don't want to see a good, hard-working fellow like you go under.'

"As he predicted, the stock went to zero, but the grocer pulled through, after twice renewing his note. Daly did lots of things of that kind. They account for the hold he had on the people."

ONE HOUR IN A WASHINGTON FOREST WAS ENOUGH.

While in Minneapolis, Charles Wyngate, an actor who used to be with the Neill Stock Company, made the acquaintance of "Dick" Morgan, son of Senator D. F. Morgan, and the two became fast friends. In fact, for a while they were inseparable. Young Morgan was considering taking a tract of timber on the Pacific Coast, and, in talking over the matter with his Thespian friend, the latter caught the enthusiasm. The upshot of it was that Morgan and Wyngate, with a third partner, agreed among themselves to take the tract and to supervise the logging operations thereon. It would be a rough life, they knew, but they were young and hardy, and could laugh at privation. Wyngate thought he would gladly forego the glare of the footlights and the plaudits of the daintily-gloved multitude for the sake of genuine free life with good fellows in the great, green woods.

The prospective lumber magnates had a lot of fun with their friends laughing over purchases of Mackinaw jackets, German

socks, hickory shirts, and other articles of logging-camp wear which were in startling incongruity compared with the then wardrobes of the potential logging kings. Not a thing was lacking to complete the effectiveness of their equipment, and when a half-dozen of Mr. Wyngate's Wednesday and Saturday friends saw him at the train, arrayed in his gorgeous outfit, they pronounced him the most picturesque creature they had ever seen.

The young men arrived at their camp in due time, where a shanty had already been prepared for them; and, after divesting themselves of their accoutrements, they surveyed the primeval forest for the first time in all its grandeur.

The hour was 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and the nearest railroad station was fifteen miles away. Morgan and his other friend assisted Wyngate in getting things ship-shape about the shanty, and then they started out on an exploring expedition with their guns. They were gone just one hour, and when they returned there was a dank stillness hanging about the cabin. They approached a little nearer, and found a large piece of brown paper pinned to the door, and on it, written in a large, round hand, these few but very expressive words:

doubted that he would strike it rich before he left; so we were all on an equality when it came to discussing future plans.

I remember a big, jovial Irishman, by the name of O'Halloran, who had accumulated 1,200 ounces, worth about \$18,000, and who used to declare that the first thing he would do when he got home would be to buy a hack. He was always a day laborer before he came to the Klondike, and his life had been made up of long stretches of hard work and miserly saving, followed by brief and glorious drunks, in which he had ridden in hacks with his legs through the windows, chanting Bacchanalian hymns. To him, hack-riding represented the climax of human luxury, and to have a hack of his own, in which he could ride continually without being "braced" for fare, was the pinnacle of his dreams. Imagination could go no further.

Another lucky gold-hunter was a young man named Andrews, who had been a waiter in a 'Frisco restaurant, and whose familiarity with numerous high-toned delicacies, acquired by studying the bill of fare, gave him considerable social prestige. He used to tell us what he would eat when he got back, and the recital never failed to interest a large audience. "Now tell us wot yer goin' to order for de ong-tray," somebody would sug-



TYPICAL PACKING SCENE IN THE SNOWY MOUNTAINS, MONT. [By courtesy of the Livingston Enterprise.]

"DEAR PALS—Sorry to quit you, you know, but I have just received a dispatch from my old friend Frohman asking me to accept an engagement with one of his companies. The offer was too flattering to be refused. I hope to catch the night train for New York. Ever your true friend,

"CHARLES WYNGATE."

WHAT THEY WOULD DO.

A man who spent the winter of 1898 in Dawson City, Yukon Territory, was relating some of his experiences to a party of friends recently, says the Spokane (Wash.) *Outburst*. From November clear on to March, said he, it was far too cold for any kind of work, and all we could do was to huddle around the fires and talk. It was the most talkative winter of my life, yet there was one topic we never exhausted; in fact, we invariably drifted around to it, no matter what we started. That was what we would do when we got back to "God's country" with a big stake. A good many of the boys had the gold already stored away in tin cans under their bunks, but not one of us

gest, and he would proceed to reel off a section of a menu card in French, while his listeners licked their chops and rolled their eyes in ecstasy. After a long diet of bacon and beans, Andrews' monologues were positively maddening.

One of the simplest-minded of the crowd was a chap from Iowa, who could never be induced to express a wish for anything except a suit of pink underclothes. He knew a faro-dealer at Seattle who possessed such garments, and their weird beauty, together with the fact that they cost \$35 a set, had appealed powerfully to his imagination. He had duly \$20,000 "planted" in an old oil-can, but he never allowed his fancy to roam beyond the silk underclothes.

The only man I knew who made a really accurate forecast of his proceedings when he struck civilization was a big professional prospector named Joe Burns, who had cleaned up about \$15,000 on Bonanza Creek. "As soon as I hit 'Frisco," he said, "I will get good and drunk; then I'll go to some gambling-joint and blow in my money; then I'll land in the cooler." We came down on the same boat, and his prediction was fulfilled to the letter. I got him out of the station myself.

Large Game of British Columbia.

By W. C. POUND.

No new knowledge is imparted when it is stated that the moose is the largest and most ungainly in form of all the deer family. The average weight of the adult male may be given as 700 pounds, although they attain to twice that weight. These animals are characterized by a short body, a very short tail and neck, and a prodigiously long, ugly head with a projecting nose or upper lip, which gives them a revolting look. They have enormous ears, short, spreading, palmated antlers (on the males only), and very long legs—to which they are indebted for their great height, about six feet at the withers, or even more in extreme cases.

The male moose, and sometimes the female, is furnished with a pendulous appendage under the throat; it may vary in length from four to ten inches, and it is covered with long, coarse, black hairs. This "bell," as it is called by hunters, is not found

under-coat of fur, and the early winter coat, when in the prime of life, may be said in general to be black. Towards spring it fades very considerably—more on the aged than on the younger specimens.

The rutting season in the lower latitudes commences in September, although the females do not reciprocate until October. During the interval the bucks are almost beside themselves, and are avoided by the females. At the proper time the female seeks a companion, and they retire to some secluded spot and spend the honeymoon together, quite contented in each other's company. They are more strictly monogamous in their habits than any other of our deer family, or, indeed, most other quadrupeds.

British Columbia moose range from the Canadian Pacific Railway line north and west from Sicamous to the coast and far into Alaska. They are not very abundant, nor are they very often seen within a hundred miles of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The only one I have heard of in the vicinity of Vernon, for years, was killed last fall near Ducks by a Mr. Marten. It was a magnificent specimen, and is now in my possession. Others have been killed in the Cariboo District of late years, but the miners and hunters have now driven them to other haunts.

Of the American elk, noblest of all the deer, much could be



SUPERB ILLUSTRATIONS OF BIG GAME IN BRITISH COLUMBIA KILLED AND MOUNTED BY THE WRITER OF THIS ARTICLE, MR. W. C. POUND, TAXIDERMIST, OF VERNON, B. C.

on the young male, and it disappears when the animal gets old and his vigor and vitality are on the decline; so that it is generally confined to the male moose in the prime of life—although, as stated, in rare instances it is found on the female coat.

The summer coat of the moose is of soft, fine, firm hair; while the winter coat, which is at first short, fine, and glossy, as the season advances becomes coarse, open, non-elastic, and rather fragile. During the winter the moose has an abundant

said, as they have occupied a wider range than any of the deer family. The elk was found in every part of the United States, in Northern Mexico, and used to be abundant in Ontario, Quebec, and Labrador. In the interior he was found as far north as the 56th or 57th degree north latitude; but, like the bison, he fled before the approach of civilization, and sought safety in seclusion. As much as possible, though, they remained in mountainous regions and deep forests long after the bison

had been driven away by the occasional presence of the white man.

They are smaller in size than the moose, and too well known to go into detail of color and habits. Of all known deer, the male American elk is provided with the longest and the most graceful and symmetrical antlers, which are also most effective as both weapons and shields. Not only the beams, but the tines also, are cylindrical in form, although on adults they are more or less blunted towards the ends. The antlers are grown on pedicels, which rise somewhat obliquely from either side of the crown of the head to the height of three inches, more or less; and, like all the deer family, they fall off annually about the month of January. Late-born fawns carry their antlers later. Caribou in this country lose their antlers the latter part of December, but the cows carry their antlers until spring.

In this country their range is almost limited to Vancouver Island. It is fifteen years since the noble elk has been seen in the Okanagan Valley—I have an antler in my possession which dropped from an animal about that time. The elk was killed in the spring, while the antlers were growing in the velvet, by an Indian who did not know what the animal was.

Both in this region and in the Nicola Lake Valley, signs go to show that elk were very numerous. About fifty years ago, at the approach of the white man, they left. There were no deer here then, but when the elk departed the mule deer came in and became exceedingly numerous about six years ago.

Elk are gregarious in their habits, both in the wild and domestic state. During the rutting season the monarch of the herd drives off the other bucks, and gathers the does into a band, which he appropriates to himself as much as possible. The other bucks hover around in his vicinity, generally keeping together, annoying the chief by their unwelcome presence and by occasionally stealing away a part of his harem; for the does will slip away from his tyrannical rule whenever they get a chance.

The flesh is fine flavored. It differs from all other venison, and is more nutritious than any other meat of which I have knowledge.

The elk is not entirely voiceless, yet it never utters a sound except under strong provocation, generally of alarm or defiance. Either expression is on a very high, sharp key, often uttered with great force. During the rut, the master buck is often heard in loud defiance, which serves as a warning to the younger males to keep clear of him.

Next in size is the woodland caribou. Its color is generally dark brown. The neck is light late in the season, the belly light, and tail white—with dark tinge on upper side. The legs are dark chestnut-brown, with a white band around the top of each hoof. The upper lip is covered with short, silvery hair. The hoofs are very broad, flat, and short, and the forms of the feet and hind legs enable the caribou to travel over the deep snow better than any other ruminant of its size. In traveling through the snows, or over soft, marshy places, the caribou throws his hind feet forward, so as to bring the leg into something like a horizontal position, spreads wide his claws and broad accessory hoofs, and thus presents an extraordinary bearing-surface to sustain him on the yielding ground or soft snow; so that he is enabled to shuffle along with great rapidity where any other quadruped would mire in the bog or become absolutely snow-bound.

In this country, where they range far up in the mountains, they have to travel and exist over thirty feet of snow or more. The caribou alone leaves in his track the mark of all four of the hoofs belonging to each hind foot. Both sexes have antlers, but the antlers of the female are smaller than those of the male. This is the only member of the deer family in America the females of which have antlers.

A feature of the antlers of the caribou is that almost always one, and generally both, of the brow-tines project downwards over the face, reaching with the spurs on the palm nearly to the end of the nose, and very frequently obstructing the vision more or less. I have had them where this palm measured fourteen inches at the end. This is called by hunters the plow, and is

said to be used to break the crust on the snow so that they can gather the moss on which they feed. I think it serves to protect their eyes, also, by separating the evergreens in their great haste to get away from their pursuers. At the head of Kettle River, Cherry Creek, and Shuswap, they are found in large numbers the year round, places that are easily accessible from Vernon, and great resorts for sportsmen every year.

I suppose that Vernon (the home of the writer) is the best spot in America today where game of all kinds can be secured in season. It is easy of access from the Canadian Pacific Railway station, Vernon being situated in the center of the famous Okanagan Valley, fifty miles from Sicamous on the main line. Caribou, mountain-sheep, mountain-goat, deer in abundance—all can be found in a day's travel on horseback.

To hunt the noble caribou a person needs to go about the first of October, for later than that the snow falls so heavily that it is impossible to secure them with success, as no feed can be found for the pack-horses. Caribou are easily secured. Unlike elk, they do not trust to sight, but depend on scent altogether; so, by watching closely the wind, hunters can get up to them.

THE HOUSE ON THE MOOR.

A naked house, a naked moor,
A shivering pool before the door,
A garden bare of flowers and fruit,
And poplars at the garden foot;
Such is the place that I live in,
Bleak without and bare within.

Yet shall your ragged moor receive
The incomparable pomp of eve,
And the cold glories of the dawn
Behind your shivering trees be drawn;
And when the wind from place to place
Doth the unmoored cloud-galleons chase,
Your garden gloom and gleam again,
With leaping sun, with glancing rain.
Here shall the wizard moon ascend
The heavens, in the crimson end
Of day's declining splendor; here
The army of the stars appear.
The neighbor hollows, dry or wet,
Spring shall with tender flowers beset;
And oft the morning muses see
Larks rising from the broomy lea;
And every fairy wheel and thread
Of cobweb dew-bediamonded.
When daisies go, shall winter-time
Silver the simple grass with rime;
Autumnal frosts enchant the pool
And make the cart-ruts beautiful;
And when, snow-bright, the moor expands
How shall your children clap their hands!
To make this earth, our hermitage,
A cheerful and a changeful page,
God's bright and intricate device
Of days and seasons doth suffice.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

"ITER SUPREMUM."

"Oh, what a night for a soul to go!
The wind a hawk, and the fields in snow;
No screening cover of leaves in the wood,
Nor a star abroad the way to show.

"Do they part in peace—soul with its clay?
Tenant and landlord, what do they say?
Was it a sigh of sorrow or of release
I heard just now as the face turned gray?

"What if, aghast on the shoreless main
Of Eternity, it sought again
The shelter and rest of the Isle of Time,
And knocked at the door of its house of pain!

"On the tavern hearth the embers glow,
The laugh is deep, and the flagons low;
But without, the wind and the trackless sky,
And night at the gates where a soul would go."

ARTHUR SHEARNE HARDY.

The Camp at Willow Grove.

BY GENEVIEVE LIND.

"Tomorrow we leave dear old Willow Grove to return to the busy world once more. Have you no regrets, Mr. Birmingham?"

"I? Why—yes, Blair, to be sure I have. These three weeks have been a perfect heaven to me!" the gentleman replied from his position on a large, fallen tree.

Blair was seated upon the soft, green grass—leaning against the old tree, and looking regretfully up to the quivering leaves and slender branches of the tall, wide-spreading willows. Just beyond lay the gleaming waters of the old Mississippi, flowing peacefully away to the Southland. Glimpses of the river's blue surface, sparkling in the summer sunshine, were seen among the dense green verdure—blue-like patches from the dome of heaven dropped down to beautify this already beautiful world.

The occasional whistle of a steamboat, and the splashing of its wheel broke the woodland silence. The gliding movement of paddles, mingled with the sound of laughing voices, was also heard now and then, as rowboats containing other members of the camping party floated or paddled by.

"Come, Blair," Birmingham had said as he picked up a copy of Kipling's poems; "let us go and read 'The Moon of Other Days' once more." So the twain had wandered off a short distance from the camp to read, after which Birmingham had related some of his experiences in South America, where he was employed with a company of civil engineers. He had been there nearly three years, and had just returned a few weeks ago to spend a short time with the friend of his youth and college days, Blair's father.

How well he remembered when Blair was a little baby! How he had carried her about in his arms; and, in fact, he had named her. Surely it was but a few summers ago when she had stood resolutely at the head of the staircase, and could not be induced to come down but by way of Jack's back. He smiled as he recalled those days; he glanced down at the young lady upon the green at his feet, at her pure white gown, her beautiful throat, and her hair done up so high and womanly.

They were both laughing as they talked of those childish pranks. "It seems just a little while ago to me," he remarked; "and you always called me 'Jack' then, but now it is 'Mr. Birmingham,' very formally."

"It is a very long time ago, though," she answered, still looking intensely into the willow branches. "I was only a child then; now I'm twenty. I would still say 'Jack' to you, but you always treat me as though I were still a child of about ten; and you are forty-five, you know. Children should not take such liberties with grown people"—this with almost a look of defiance.

"Blair, Blair, do not talk so! I am heartily sorry if I have ever wounded your womanhood—if I have treated you as a child when you felt like a young woman. I certainly have not realized it. But you are twenty now—yes, I will try to remember it; but even twenty is very, very young beside forty-five, isn't it, Blair?"

"Oh, yes, I suppose so; nevertheless, even twenty should receive some consideration. Do you remember, the last time you were

here," she asked, moving nearer to his end of the log, "how I was teasing papa for a diamond ring, and you tried to convince me that a string of gold beads would be more suitable? Children, you know, need beads; and I was going on eighteen, too!"

"Could I have been such a villain, Blair? Poor dear! Well, I'll efface that wrong by telling your father this very day that you must have the ring. Will that do?"

She made no reply to this, but looked far off through the willows at the deep blue beyond.

"Yes; and your last act was perpetrated the very night before you went away," she continued. "The Regimental Ball, you remember; and I wanted to go, oh, so badly! Papa had promised to take me, but at the last moment he was called away, and it was not possible for me to attend. You were to take Miss Preston, you know; and once I was sure I detected a look of despair on your face and hers, for fear that that bothersome child would insist upon accompanying you. But she did not make a protest; she merely went to her room, and had a good cry. Young ladies do sometimes cry, you know. And, to add insult to injury, you sent up a box of bonbons just before you left. Candy, indeed! You probably thought the baby would soon be asleep—with her mouth and fists full of candy! Then I had another good cry, and I didn't eat the bonbons, either!"

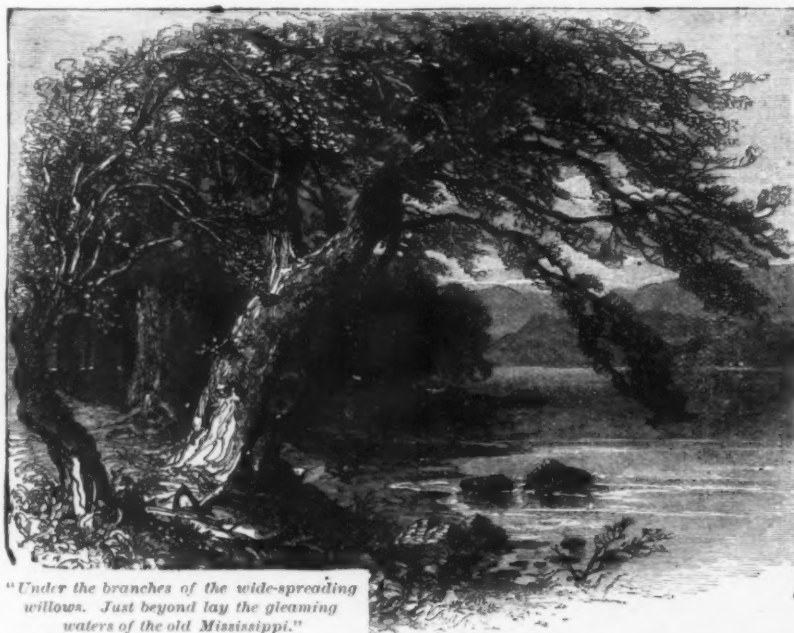
"But why did you cry, Blair? Weren't the bonbons the right kind?"

"No," she answered, after glancing at him severely for at least a moment; "the manufacturer's name wasn't on every piece, so I could not eat them."

Neither spoke for a few moments; both were looking at the slender, drooping branches over head.

"And the next morning you had gone before I arose," she answered,—"gone way off to South America, to again live among the bridges and railroads in the mountains, and in the bamboo cottages you had told me so much about. Papa talked of you all day, and wondered if he would ever see you again."

"And you, Blair, did you think you would ever see me again, or didn't you want to after that mess I made with the wrong kind of bonbons?"



"Under the branches of the wide-spreading willows. Just beyond lay the gleaming waters of the old Mississippi."

"Of course, I hoped that you would come to see us again sometime."

"My child, I will tell you what brought me back so soon. I dared not make it known when I was here before, but this time

I must know my fate. I am in love with a dear little girl—woman, I mean. She is only twenty, but—"

"Why, Jack,—Mr. Birmingham, I mean,—Miss Preston is more than twenty; she was mamma's friend at school, and but little younger."

"I don't mean Miss Preston, Blair. The young woman I mean is only twenty, so young, compared with forty-five! Oh, Blair, dear little Blair, dare I ask her if she could ever learn to care for me? It is you I love, dear, and I have loved you a long time. The night of the ball, when I took Miss Preston, and my poor darling remained at home—how I wanted to stay with her and tell her my love; but I dared not. I firmly believed that my fondest hopes could never be realized. Could you learn to love me, dear?" he asked.

Blair did not reply for a moment. Then she crept to his side, looked down upon his head of waving dark hair, so plentifully mingled with gray, pressed a kiss upon his brow, and whispered:

"Dear Jack! I have already learned the lesson. I love you with my whole soul, and my heart was breaking at the thought of your return to South America. I loved you, too, that night when you took Miss Preston; that was why I cried. I wanted your love, and you sent me a box of bonbons instead! The next morning you were gone. Oh, Jack, I was so unhappy!"

"Well, it was a shame! I never meant to give you one moment of pain. But it is all ended now, dear, and our joy is the sweeter for the long and weary waiting. I can hardly believe it. Now I shall not have to make that long journey alone—to go back to my bridges and railroads and bamboo cottages, leaving my heart far in the Northland. Could you be happy so far from home, Blair?"

"Home will be where you are, Jack," was her happy reply. "Yes; I shall be very happy in our bamboo cottage."

PECULIAR WELLS ON WISCONSIN PRAIRIES.

Here and there on a portion of Sauk prairie, in Wisconsin, is a curious phenomenon known as the "blowing-wells." The wells are continually forcing great volumes of air upward, or, like some huge monster, are drawing into the interior of the earth no small amount of the zephyrs as they come and go. The operators who have excavated great holes into the sand and gravel, as well as the husbandmen upon whose farms they are found, seem to be mystified as to the causes which surround this unusual freak of nature. The blowing-wells are so peculiar that sources of water supply with such unusual characteristics are not believed to exist elsewhere on the continent.

The matter has created considerable discussion in the neighborhood of the wells, and City Engineer Kirchoffer of Baraboo determined to investigate the causes which produce the remarkable effects.

The prairie is just south of the Baraboo range of quartzite bluffs, and just west of the Wisconsin River as it flows to the southwest. From the river the level, treeless tract of land extends to the west until its identity is lost in the ascending hills along the Boney Creek Valley. Strange to say, the wells are located in the sands of the terminal moraine of the Green Bay lobe of the great glacier which wrought havoc with the topography of the greater portion of Wisconsin some 10,000 years ago. The advance of the ice was not beyond where the wells are located, and when the frozen moraine melted and perhaps established itself farther to the north, there was a great quantity of sand left in the northeastern portion of the prairie.

For miles beyond the moraine there was carried with the flowing water a great amount of fine soil on which there are now many prosperous farmers, for this has proved to be one of the garden spots. During recent years it has been found necessary to go deeper into the earth for water on this terminal moraine, and this has brought about the existence of the blowing-wells.

The phenomena exhibited at these various wells is quite unusual. On the farm of Steuber Brothers the water in the well often looks as if greatly agitated, not unlike a kettle of the liquid when being boiled. Often a draught can be felt at the surface when the wind is being forced outward, and when a lantern is

lowered it flickers as if in a strong breeze, and sometimes is extinguished.

The one on the farm of John Weirich makes a distressing noise at times, and the sound can be plainly heard several rods away. Unless the boards are fastened down when placed upon the platform about the pump, they keep up a continual vibration, and, like a restless youth, are not able to maintain a specified position. The pieces of timber are two inches in thickness, and not even their weight is sufficient to keep them in position. There is a two-inch hole in one of the boards, and when a hat is placed over the opening it is blown off by the force of the escaping air.

The well on the farm of J. McCoy acts in a similar manner. At times the current from below is so strong that the three-inch planks are moved from where they belong, and when a small aperture in one of the boards is covered over with some light object, it is blown to one side.

From the one on the farm of Edward Weirich a curious sound always accompanies the air when it is being blown out. The noise is not unlike that which might be produced by a large stone balanced on a pivot and striking another big rock. The noise is very peculiar, and not found in other wells.

Blowing-wells are also found on the farms of Alexander Schlag, Herman Tholeka, Will Wigelow, George Keller, George and Edward Gatwinkle, O. L. Young, Christian Groff, and others. These farms are located on a strip of land about six miles long and about one mile wide. The terminal moraine at this point lies in a direction almost due north and south near the Wisconsin River.

One of the interesting and natural characteristics of these wells is that during extreme cold weather it is almost impossible to prevent the pipes from freezing. At certain times the cold air rushing into the wells congeals the water on the inside of the perpendicular pipe, be it iron or wood. In some instances the pipes have been frozen solid for sixty feet below the surface of the earth. In other instances, when these wells were dug during severe cold weather, the earth would be found frozen on the bottom and sides, even at a depth of fifty or more feet.

In some instances, in order to prevent freezing, the pumps have been provided with an iron pipe extending to the bottom, with earth thrown in until the lower valve is reached, which is only a few feet below the surface. In other cases, during the winter it is found necessary to build a double platform about the pump, and then to cover the boards with sand or sawdust. Unless great care is exercised to close all openings, the sand or bits of wood will be blown away in a short time.

One peculiar feature is that the snow and ice will sometimes adhere to the material protecting the pump, and at other times will all melt away. The farmers have sometimes retired at night when there was a thick coat of ice and snow about the pump, and in the morning, when they arose, it would be entirely melted away, while the snow a few feet away remained unmelted.

After making a series of investigations and examinations, the conclusion has been reached that about sixty feet below the surface of the earth there is a field of coarse gravel, and that during glacial times this was filled with water. Perhaps there was an underground stream there which carried away a portion of the vast volume of water which resulted from the melting of the immense quantities of ice during the closing years of the reign of the ice-king. After the water disappeared, the small crevices or openings between the stones and coarse particles of sand became filled with air, and this immense region below is not unlike the air-chamber on a force-pump. As indicated by a barometer, when the air becomes lighter above, the compressed air below will expand, and, being forced out, produces a current. When the atmosphere above becomes heavier, or when it exerts a greater downward pressure, the air is crowded into the little air spaces below, to be released again when the pendulum swings toward the other extreme. On account of these constant changes above, there is either a current downward or upward varying with the barometric pressure at the surface of the earth.



CANADA'S INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT.

Very considerable attention has been directed of late to the growth that has taken place in Canadian trade and commerce, and to the very considerable increase in the exports from that country. The general impression is that, so far as exporting is concerned, Canada exports only raw materials, or her food products, which are direct products of Canadian farms. As a matter of fact, however, while the total export of Canadian goods has increased at a very rapid rate, the export of manufactured articles has increased very much more largely.

In 1868, the first year after Confederation, the total exports from Canada amounted to \$57,567,888. In 1899 this had grown to \$158,896,905.

The growth of export of manufactured goods during the same period was from \$2,100,411, in 1868, to \$12,823,972, in 1899.

MONTANA'S GROWING ORCHARDS.

The annual report of the Montana State Horticultural Board takes up in detail only the receipts of fruit shipments at Butte. It is shown that there were received there during the year ending September 30, 1900, 205,897 packages of fruit that were inspected. In the department of statistics Ravalli County is shown to have the greatest number of trees, heading the list with 342,415 trees of 156 varieties. Missoula County is second, with 152,529 trees in 209 orchards. Flathead County has 208 orchards, growing 56,560 trees. There are in the State 610,000 fruit-trees, of which 555,545 are apple-trees. Over 110,000 bushel-boxes of apples were grown in the State during the past season. In connection with these figures, it is calculated that not over ten per cent of the trees listed are yet of a bearing age.

The information given in the report will be found most valuable to fruit-raisers of the State, and concerns a department of the State's industries that is growing rapidly.

MANY NEW PEOPLE FOR NORTH DAKOTA THIS YEAR.

The Minneapolis Journal says that the immigration movement to North Dakota this year will be an easy influx of people who have heard enough about the State and its fertile lands to have confidence in it. Michigan, Illinois, and Iowa will contribute a class of immigrants, with means and ideas in farming, who will greatly benefit the State.

The star of Empire has always moved West, because the Eastern farmer who wanted to see his sons on farms of their own has been obliged to go West for cheap land. The tenant is obliged to do the same thing to become a land-owner. The young man instinctively moves West, because opportunity beckons him.

North Dakota has attractions for all these, and her lands are in demand. This year's immigration will do much toward developing the resources of the southwestern part of the State, including the Missouri slope, and push Bismarck, the capital, on farther toward a larger commercial center and distributing point for that section of the State. General Washburn and his new railroad are also contributing toward this end.

USEFUL INFORMATION ON OKLAHOMA.

The Oklahoma Agricultural Experiment Station at Stillwater, Oklahoma, is doing a great deal of good for that Territory by sending broadcast the most valuable and interesting

information respecting every known product that can be raised therein. Its press bulletins are of peculiar value, inasmuch as they contain many useful hints on seeds, grains, vegetables, obnoxious insects, etc., that are applicable to farmers everywhere. Oklahoma is one of the most productive sections of the Union. It has achieved a remarkable growth in population, and its general development is scarcely less wonderful. Over four hundred thousand people there entitle the Territory to statehood, and the people are backed and supported by a variety of stock and agricultural resources that assures them sufficient wealth to maintain statehood well and proudly.

Those who are interested in learning as much as possible about this magnificent country are invited to address letters of inquiry to the Agricultural Experimental Station at Stillwater. The authorities there will take pleasure in forwarding matter that will cover all the ground anyone can wish to know about, whether it be on stock-growing, cotton culture, or agriculture pure and simple.

ALASKA BEES.

For the benefit of those who adhere to the theory that the only resource of Southeastern Alaska is its quartz-mines, we reprint the following extract from the report of Governor Brady, it being the substance of a letter written by Father Methodius, priest of the Greco-Russian Church in Sitka, Alaska. He says:

"In compliance with your request, I have the honor to submit herewith the result of my first year's experiment in apiculture at Sitka.

"On May 31, 1900, I received from Seattle, Wash., two hives with two swarms of bees, at the cost of \$25. These hives I placed in the yard adjoining the parsonage, and up to June 20, 1900, the bees increased to two more swarms, and on the 28th of the same month two more swarms were added with a satisfactory result.

"My experience during the summer showed that apiculture in Sitka is not only possible but also profitable, as there is an abundance of nectariferous wild flowers and plants, also some vegetable gardens, and the experimental grounds of the Agricultural Department, where buckwheat, clover, and various plants are raised which furnish sufficient food for the bees. I noticed that during the hot, bright summer days a swarm of bees brings more honey than in Russia near St. Petersburg, where apiculture is highly developed.

"The season was not favorable for the apiculture industry, as the bees worked not more than fifteen days from June 1 to September 1. The old swarm of bees produced about fifteen pounds of honey each hive for profit, besides twenty-five pounds left for their subsistence during the winter season. The new swarms have sufficient for their wants. In connection herewith I would also state that the nectar here is in great quantity, on account of the abundant morning dews."

WASHINGTON'S CREAMERIES AND CHEESE FACTORIES.

The annual report of the Washington State dairy and food commissioner shows 194 creameries in the State, with a product of 3,736,687 pounds of butter in 1900, as compared with 113 creameries and 2,645,361 pounds turned out in 1899. Of cheese factories 34 are reported, turning out 1,016,073 pounds for 1900, against 29 factories producing 944,980 pounds in 1899. In addition to ranch and dairy butter consumed, there was received during the year, according to the commissioner's figures, 3,102,260 pounds of Eastern and 436,500 pounds of California butter, and 853,500 pounds of Eastern and 310,000 pounds of California cheese at the three cities of Tacoma, Seattle and Spokane alone, or a total nearly equaling the present combined product of all the creamery interests of the State.

The increase in production is gratifying, the Tacoma West Coast Trade says, showing as it does that Washington surpassed Oregon in the extent of creamery output during 1900, but the rate of consumption has increased in even more marked ratio. In 1898 the same three cities imported only 954,994 pounds of butter and 426,750 pounds of cheese from outside the

State, or but little more than a third of the amount brought in during 1900. It would appear, therefore, that production is not nearly keeping pace with the increase in demands, a condition which should not be permitted to obtain. Washington is capable of an almost unlimited increase in output of butter and cheese. The manufacturers have a home market, and from three to five cents margin in values over butter brought here from California and the East. They have the strongest possible protection against infringement from butter substitutes or outside competition, and the well-managed creamery ought to be a source of profit to the manufacturers, as it has proven to be to the farmer and dairyman.

RAISING POTATOES IN IOWA.

As an example of what the fertile soil of Iowa can do, it is only necessary to state that a farmer who lives in Waterloo produced over 3,000 bushels of potatoes last year, worth over \$1,000, from fourteen acres of ground.

The hero of this record is W. L. Owings, a well-known potato-raiser of Waterloo, who has devoted many years of his life to a careful study of the potato and the best methods of

conclusion that more depends on the character of the seed planted than on the soil. I have tried hundreds of kinds of seed, but have finally discarded all but three.

"There was nothing extraordinary about the soil in which the enormous crop of potatoes was raised. It is of a sandy clay variety, and was not even fertilized up to its highest pitch. The patch is about two miles east of Waterloo. I hired it for the season at a cash rental of four dollars an acre, or fifty-six dollars altogether. When taken from the field, the ridge of potatoes, into which I had piled the entire yield, measured one hundred and twenty-five feet in length, twelve in width, and six in height.

"The potatoes were of the finest quality. In some single hills I found as many as twenty-three potatoes, ranging from the size of an ordinary tea-cup clear up to enormous ones which weighed as much as two and a half pounds. As the potatoes lay on the ground, without putting them in sacks or moving them to the market, I could have sold the entire lot for thirty-five cents a bushel; but I declined, preferring to wait for a rise in price, when I know I can get as much as fifty cents. My investment of fifty-six dollars will yield me at least a thousand dollars, or seventy-five dollars an acre, and may net as much as a hundred.

"My experience shows, I think, what an immense source of wealth our idle land might become if properly cultivated. While



GEORGE GORDON'S COZY MOUNTAIN HOME ON MISSION CREEK, MONT. [By courtesy of the Livingston Enterprise.]

propagating it. In a recent chat Mr. Owings described how the seed was planted, and gave his opinion as to the cause of the immense yield.

"Although fourteen acres were planted," he said, "as a matter of fact the crop really came from only eleven acres. For some reason, three of the fourteen proved unproductive, and gave only about one hundred bushels; so that twenty-nine hundred bushels was the growth of eleven acres. In part, at least, I ascribe this success to the fact that the potatoes were planted in the full of the moon. Then I had the advantage of copious rains just as the vines were maturing. I have been in the potato-raising business for the last fourteen years, and instead of planting my seed haphazard and trusting to chance for the return, I have made a careful study of every phase of the growth. As a result of these investigations, I have arrived at the

people are actually starving, millions and millions of acres, richly charged with the God-given properties which, like magic, turn tiny seeds into nutritious foodstuffs, are lying idle, worse than useless—veritable eyesores overgrown with weeds, covered with refuse and litter, an unconscious indictment of our vaunted civilization, which permits corporate greed and municipal ignorance to waste the greatest source of public wealth and happiness.

"Most of this ground is as good, or probably better, than that on which I produced my big crop of potatoes. There is scarcely any ground so poor but what it will yield some food-staple, and potatoes will grow almost anywhere. From a purely mercenary standpoint, waiving all questions of sentiment, this land should be cultivated. Its value would be greatly enhanced, and the immediate returns more than warrant the outlay."



North Dakota's Memorable Battlefield.



THE announcement that the authorities of Dickey County, North Dakota, are moving in the matter of securing a suitable monument to commemorate the Battle of Whitestone Hill is received with pleasure by the survivors of the Sixth and Seventh Iowa and the Second Nebraska Cavalry, who participated in that bloody affray, and many of whom are now residents of the Dakotas.

Little has been written about this battle, says a correspondent, because it occurred at a time when public attention was directed to the larger affairs of the Rebellion; but as compared with the battles of the Spanish war it was a terrific engagement, and of the first importance to the frontier.

In the Indian campaign of 1863 it was planned by General Pope, in command of the department of the Northwest, to have General Sibley cross from Big Stone Lake to the Missouri by way of Devil's Lake, while General Sully should move up the Missouri to make a junction with Sibley in the neighborhood of Bismarck, believing that thereby the hostiles would be caught between the two armies and crushed, thus ending the war in a single campaign. But the best laid plans miscarry, particularly when success depends upon moving two armies from different directions a distance of 500 miles to meet in the wilderness at an indeterminate point. Sibley reached the Missouri before Sully got up the river, found the savages at about the point General Pope had anticipated, and fought them at Apple Creek and drove them across the Missouri. He then retired to the Minnesota border. A few days later Sully came up—to learn that the hostiles had recrossed to the east side of the river and passed down to the buffalo country in the James Valley. Sully followed, and by the morning of the 3d of September had, by the clear indications of the trail, come close upon the fugitives.

The brigade remained in camp, and the third battalion, consisting of Companies C, F, I and M of the Sixth Iowa, under command of Major A. E. House, was sent out on a scout, guided by a well-known frontiersman, Francois La Framboise, who kept several miles in advance, and signaled the battalion from the hilltops, which were numerous. The prairie was strewn with the remains of recently slaughtered buffalo. At noon, while the detachment was resting and grazing their horses, La Framboise came in and reported twenty lodges of hostiles five miles to the southeast. Major House at once ordered his detachment forward, keeping in the low grounds and valleys, out of sight of the Indians. They were camped on a small lake in the hills of what is now western Dickey County, North Dakota, about six miles north of the South Dakota line. The hills were covered with white stones, hence the name which has attached to the battlefield.

General Sully and the main force were twelve miles away. Major House approached the camp on a sharp gallop, when, as they turned into the valley of the lake, they were startled to find that they were directly upon the entire band of the enemy, fully 5,000 savages. The column halted sharply, and the men sprang to the ground, guns in hand. The Indians, though likewise surprised, prepared for action, but did not attack, crying out: "They are but few; we will wait and kill them at sunset." Upon first sight of the enemy, La Framboise had been dispatched to notify General Sully, and Major House realized that all he could hope for was to hold the Sioux in check until the main body came up. Rarely has a body of untrained troops been placed in a more trying position. There were but 300 of the soldiers, while a few yards distant were 5,000 warriors, who howled and jeered in the most threatening manner, delaying an attack only, as they supposed, to better enjoy the torture of their enemies, and capable at any moment of utterly destroying the little battalion.

Fully two hours of suspense wore away, while the howl of the wolf blended with the war-whoop of the Indians as they prepared for a carnival of death, meanwhile cautiously guarding the position of the soldiers, lest they should escape. On the other hand, Major House was engaging in every diversion which was calculated to kill time and delay the attack. As the sun was setting, the noise and confusion of the Indian camp changed to the monotonous chant of the death-song, and the warriors came out panoplied for the massacre. Unable to secure the usual war-paints, they had bedaubed their bodies with a bluish mud from the lake shore, and they presented a hideous aspect. To the Indian mind it was to be an execution of prisoners, not a battle; for from the moment Major House came upon the camp his force had virtually been prisoners.

Scarcely was the first shot fired when General Sully and his command appeared upon a hilltop less than a mile away, coming at the topmost speed. His approach was discovered by the soldiers and Indians at the same instant. The old men and squaws began to pull down the lodges, and, in an incredibly short time the camp was in full retreat to the James River, a few miles to the east. But House managed to cut in to the east of them, while Sully came up and struck them from the west. They were caught in a deep ravine, and for a moment a hush fell upon the scene. Then came the death-song again, and the warriors plunged out to the attack. It lasted but a moment, but that moment was a bloody one. The warriors fell back into the ravine, and pandemonium reigned. An entire nation was hemmed into that narrow canyon, and the hour of extinction seemed at hand. A roar came up, "Get away! get away!" and the warriors, with buffalo robes over their heads, again dashed out, the cavalry horses were stampeded, and in the growing darkness thousands of the Indians escaped.

The engagement at the ravine had lasted about one hour. Sully went into camp for the night at the lake where the Indian camp had been. Twenty-two soldiers, including Lieutenant Leavitt of Company B, Sixth Iowa, were killed, and fifty were wounded. The enlisted men were buried on the battlefield, but Lieutenant Leavitt's remains were taken back to Iowa. Three hundred Sioux braves were left dead on the field, and 250 women, children, and old men were taken prisoners. It was the decisive engagement of the year.

THE HUMAN NEED.

Dear God, the world is busy; has no time
For tones of trouble. It must work to win,
Bend every close-drawn thought to act;
Search out new ways of method and of means.
Dear God, the world is happy; with its homes,
Its joys of every day's calm close,—
What need has it for me, a stranger caill—
A wandering Hagar o'er the desert sands?
Dear God, the world is wide—so wide and lone!
And I so small a drop in its great sea—
What matters it if a drop's heart should ache?
The tides would ebb and flow; the surf beat on.
And so the world could never understand,
Since it is busy, happy, and so wide;
Nor would it care to know, e'en tho' it might,
And I would never tell it if I could.
And so I lightsome laugh and hide the hurt,
Till others say, "How very light your heart!
Would we had sunshine down our path, as you."

What! has the world a hidden, smarting wound?
Are other hearts now aching around me,
Too deep for any common, careless word?
Why, God, dear God, can this be very truth!
How bravely do they bear it!—some with song,
And some with gay, bright jest; and some with light
Of Heaven's peace upon their faces, gray
With pain. Ah, me! so wide the world—too wide,
With all its weight of human suffering,
Its secret sighs, and its unuttered moans,
Poured out into the depths of God's great heart
From deeps of anguished souls that force back tears.
Ah, brothers, brothers mine! if each would touch
Some close-shut life, slow op'ning to the thought
That some one understands and cares to help,—
How fragrant-filled this garden of the world!

E. MYRTLE WALLACE.

Sedro-Woolley, Wash.

The Lost City of Mexico.



TRADITION says that somewhere in the Central West are the ruins of a populous Aztec city in which Gaute Motzin stored the vast treasure which Cortez tried to find after the conquest of Mexico. Expeditions under Mexican and under foreign direction have tried in vain to find this city. The story of one attempt to locate it, made by Col. H. C. Baddington, a civil engineer in the employ of the Mexican Government, certainly is curious. He says:

"The story of a lost city is familiar to all Mexicans, and believed in by most of them. When I visited Mexico for the first time, in 1872, I became interested in the subject from association with Mr. Early, an English engineer who assured me of his belief in its existence.

"Before leaving the City of Mexico I inquired in Government circles for information to substantiate the story told by Early. I found the officials in the different departments ready to credit the reports, which they believed plausible, as at that time no complete survey had been made of that district by the Government.

"For nearly twenty years I was unable to carry out the project I formed of investigating the matter, although during the period I gathered all the information I could bearing upon La Ciudad de Perdido. It was not until last October that I could command the time necessary to search for the lost city. I was in the City of Mexico at the time, and became acquainted with Conrad Quinby, a Colorado miner, and also with an attache of the French legation. I showed to them the information I had already acquired, and upon my invitation they consented to go.

"We left San Luis Potosi early in October and went south 150 miles, striking the Blanca Range of mountains. The country through which we passed was extremely rugged, and, absolutely devoid of wagon-roads or trails. It was a case of travel by compass, sometimes assisted by a guide who would spend a few hours tramping with us; but most of the time we went by ourselves. About November 1 we had traversed the Blanca Mountains and were ready to descend the southern side. We had been on the road for nearly a month, and my companions were beginning to urge the uselessness of going farther and the advisability of getting back as soon as possible.

"I was determined to make a thorough investigation; for, if I failed in finding the lost city, I wanted to satisfy myself that it did not exist. After we descended the Blanca Range, we found ourselves on the banks of a river, locally known as the River of the White Hog, and there we camped, intending to spend a few days hunting and fishing. I think we had been on the river about a week, when, one morning, we were aroused by the intrusion of a dozen of the dirtiest peons I ever saw. I soon discovered that they spoke an Indian dialect, although they understood a little of the Mexican lingo. I explained what we were after, and was much delighted when one of them volunteered to guide us to the lost city. No inducement would elicit a promise to see us into the city, however, as he professed that it would be impossible for him to do more than take us to a point from which it could be seen.

"Perhaps it was the novelty of the situation, possibly I was a little nervous at the prospect of being the first white man to tread the streets of the 'lost city of Mexico,' but, whatever the reason, sleep did not come easily, and it was well on toward daybreak before I lost consciousness and slipped off into a troubled dream. I dreamt that I was about to make a grand entry into a wonderful city that was more fantastic than anything I had ever seen or read of, a city crowded with a strange people—distinct in type and manners from those with which I was familiar. In an instant the city had vanished, and as I opened my eyes I beheld the face of our guide peering down into my own.

"Indicating that I should keep silent, the guide led the way to the end of the spur on which we were camped. Pointing off to the south, he said:

"See yonder range of hills? Well, look well to the western slope, and you will see 'La Ciudad de Perdido.'"

"For several minutes I strained my eyes, but could see nothing. Then, suddenly, as if a great searchlight had been gradually turned on, I caught the outlines of a large square. Judging from the distance, I estimated it to be a mile or more in extent. Slowly it lost the indistinctness at first marking the sight, and slowly the outlines of houses began to appear. One thing which I recalled afterward was that at the time a mist seemed to extend across the valley and to within a few hundred feet of the nearer wall. From the slant of the city I decided that it was built on the sloping ground which led up to the hill still farther south. It was certainly a remarkable sight. Temples, palaces, houses, market-squares, even the faint flicker of the temple fires, could be seen distinctly. The streets were deserted, which gave to the place the appearance of a city of the dead. The houses, I noticed in particular, even at the great distance which intervened, shone as though incrustated with silver; while from the flat top of the pyramidal temple I caught a glimmer like the reflection of beaten gold.

"When I had looked at it for some time, I turned to the guide, who was resting on a large flat stone, apparently as much absorbed in the spectacle as myself, and asked:

"What is the name of the place,—and have you never been any nearer than this?"

"He shrugged his shoulders, and, pointing to the city, replied:

"For many years I have yearly seen La Ciudad de Perdido, but I have never tried to go there. My father once saw it, and told some gringos (Americans) about it. They came, they saw, as you do, and then they induced him to go with them. They never came back; but my mother once got a letter from el padre telling her never to let me or any of her people attempt to find La Ciudad de Perdido. She expects him to come back some day, but I don't think he will."

"When he had finished his explanation, he turned on his heel and slowly walked back to camp.

"Of course, I had a hard time convincing my companions that I had located the Lost City of Mexico; but at last I persuaded them to make the trip with me to the hill district, and the next day we set out. Well, we tramped around those hills all day, and could not find so much as a footprint. The next morning, just before daybreak, I led my companions back to the spot from which I had seen the city.

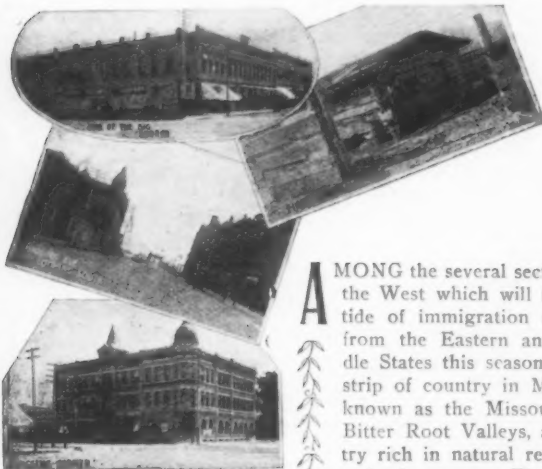
"We sat around the rocks for an hour, and were about to give up our vigil, when Quinby suddenly jumped up, and, pointing to the hills south of where I had directed them to look, exclaimed, 'There it is!' Sure enough, there it was. But I made two discoveries; first, it was a mile below where I had seen it before; and, second, it was at least 300 feet higher on the hills. We watched it for an hour, while all the time it seemed to get nearer the hilltop, until at last it hung in the sky just above the range. It was a beautiful sight. Such colors I never saw before. I began to feel a sense of awe creeping over me, and, had I not had my explanation ready at hand, would have gone away as fearful of the delusion as the average native.

"Of course, it was a mirage, the most remarkable I ever witnessed, and I believe the most remarkable in the world. Just where the city thus pictured in the sky is situated I would not attempt to say, but it must be well to the east of the Blanca Range. It is probably some half-deserted Aztec town."

MISSOULA

QUEEN CITY OF
MONTANA VALLEYS.

By Frederick L. Seixas.



HERE AND THERE IN MISSOULA,
MONT.

AMONG the several sections of the West which will feel the tide of immigration coming from the Eastern and Middle States this season, is the strip of country in Montana known as the Missoula and Bitter Root Valleys, a country rich in natural resources and advantages. These valleys, situated in Missoula and Ravalli counties, lie just west of the main range of the Rocky Mountains, and on the Pacific slope, in the central-western part of Montana. The main line of the Northern Pacific Railway passes through Missoula County from east to west. A branch line of the same system extends from Missoula southward almost the entire length of Ravalli County; while another branch, also diverging from the main line at Missoula, penetrates the mining and lumbering districts of the Coeur d'Alenes.

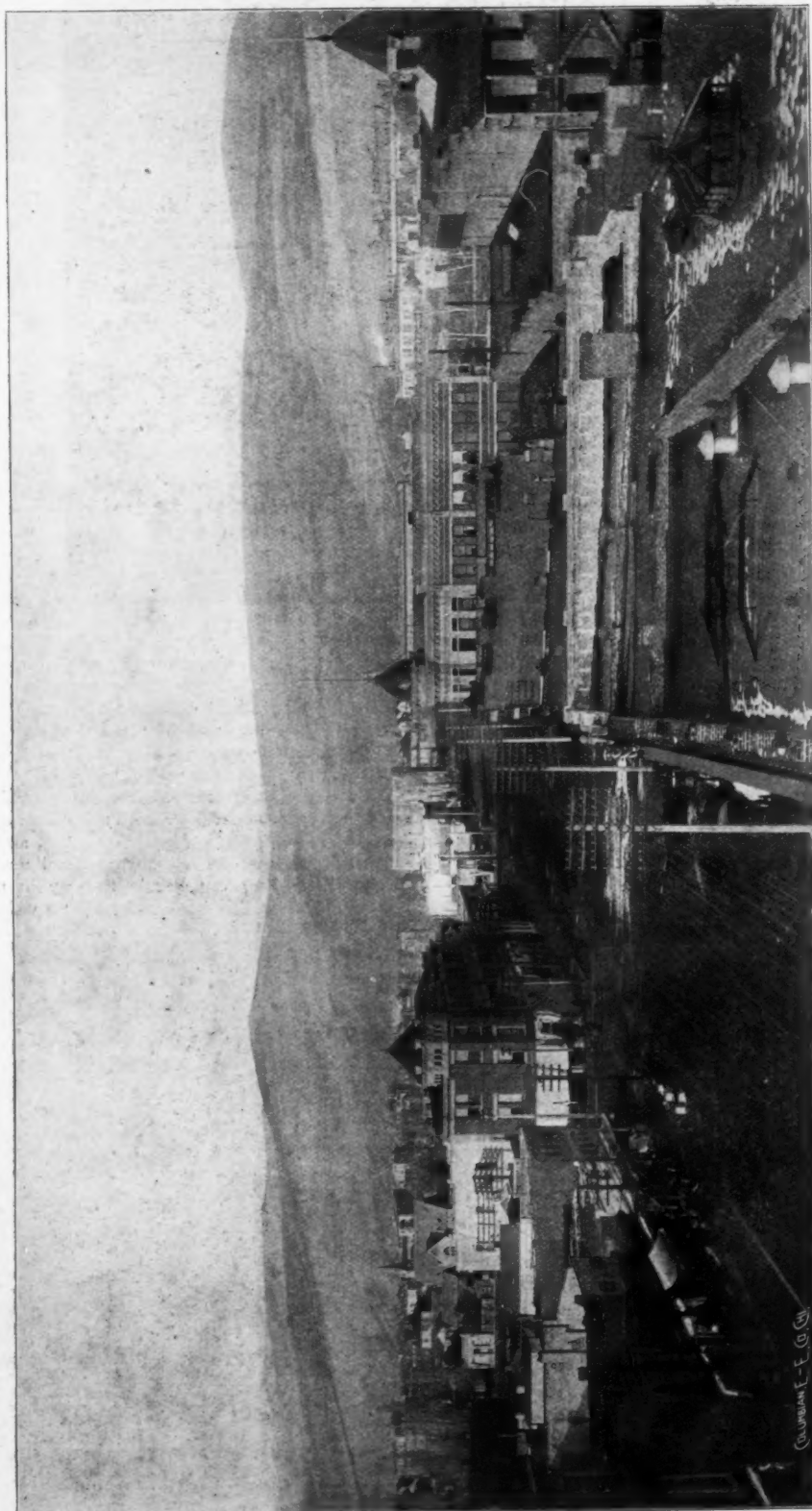
Missoula, the judicial seat of the county bearing the same name, is a beautiful little city of some 6,000 people. For years it has been known as the "Garden City," because of its beautiful

lawns, gardens, fruits, and flowers. No other town between the Mississippi and the Pacific can surpass it in this respect. It is well built, containing many fine buildings of brick and stone,—some of which would be ornaments to cities many times its size. The streets are wide, level, kept in good order, and its citizens enjoy nearly all the modern improvements so necessary to facilitate business and make life pleasant. Here are found churches of all denominations, graded schools, the State University, United States land office, hospitals, newspapers, a public library, telegraph and telephone systems, electric lights, and a waterworks system unsurpassed anywhere for the purity and abundance of its supply. There is a modern system of sewerage, free-mail delivery, a paid fire department, an efficient and progressive city government, and, in fact, everything that goes to make a thriving, enterprising and progressive community.

When one considers that its nearest competing points, commercially, are Butte and Helena on the east, both distant 125 miles, and Spokane on the west, nearly 250 miles away, and that the country for many miles around is teeming with diversified industries which are steadily growing in importance, it will be understood by the most casual observer that Missoula has a great future. The city is now supplied with good business facilities, and is doing an immense trade with interior points. The volume of business done by the Northern Pacific Railway here is ample proof of the town's commercial importance. The coming summer will see local improvements made by the railroad company which will approximate \$100,000. Among these will be a new and commodious passenger depot to be erected by the Northern Pacific Railway Company, and doubtless other improvements of a valuable nature by the same corporation. It is difficult to learn just where the new depot will be located and all that the company contemplates doing here, for the well-known reason that those in authority are always extremely ret-

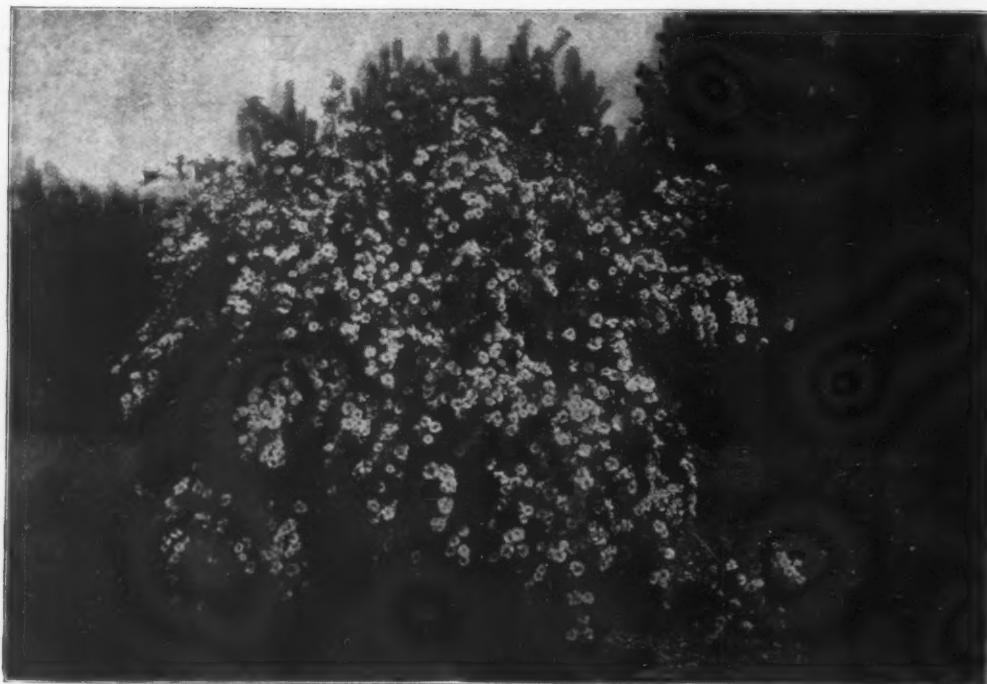


ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, MISSOULA, MONT.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE CITY OF MISSOULA, MONT.

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HOW YELLOW ROSES THRIVE IN BEAUTIFUL MISSOULA.

icent on such subjects. Missoula is satisfied, however, that it is at least to have a station and other railway facilities commensurate with the great value of its annual traffic, and if these be given her it will be a long step forward. The Northern Pacific will also build a new line of road from Lolo, on the Bitter Root branch, across to Kooskia, in Idaho, which will open up a new section of country of considerable value to Missoula in a commercial way. Taken all in all, the outlook for this beautiful place could hardly be more promising.

It might be well to mention the fact that Missoula has a wide-awake Board of Trade, composed of representative business

men. Mr. Samuel Dinsmore is corresponding secretary. He gives careful, painstaking attention to all inquiries anent the business interests of the town and surrounding country, and will cheerfully answer any letters from persons desiring to learn more of the locality with the view of locating either in the city or in the fertile valleys adjacent.

Speaking of fertile valleys, the Missoula and Bitter Root valleys have long been known as among the very finest agricultural and fruit-growing sections in the West. When Lewis and Clark, the early explorers, descended into the Bitter Root Valley, by way of Lolo Pass, in 1803, they were so

impressed with the beauty of the landscape, the apparent fertility of the soil, and the delightful climate found there and along their route through the Missoula Valley, that they incorporated into their report a description of the country that teemed with praise.

It was not until after the famous marching and counter-marching of Chief Joseph through this country in 1877, however, that the valleys really began to take on an air of importance in an agricultural way. Progress was naturally slow until after the advent of the Northern Pacific Railway in 1883. Since then great advancement has been made. These valleys, and others of



SIX-YEAR-OLD APPLE TREES BEARING IN THE BITTER ROOT VALLEY, MONT.

lesser note because of smaller area. are invariably very desirable from an agricultural point of view. The best of soil is found in all of them, it being generally a light clay loam, warm, quick, and remarkably productive. Water for irrigation is furnished in abundance by innumerable streams of purest water, which come from the mountain defiles of the Bitter Root and Rocky Mountains.

Now a word about irrigation. In many sections of the country where this method is unknown, an erroneous opinion prevails—it being regarded as a costly and laborious way of producing farm crops. As a matter of fact, the contrary is the rule. While in this somewhat arid country fair results are generally attained without irrigation, it is only by this method that the best yields are assured. Even partial failure is absolutely unknown, and irrigation generally insures a much greater yield than can possibly be realized, in the most favored sections and under the most favorable weather conditions, where irrigation is impossible. The water is furnished free by Nature, and in these valleys most of the farming lands can be put under irrigation easily by simply making small ditches from the running streams close at hand. No time spent by the farmer or fruit-grower is so well paid as that used in properly watering his land. From one to three wettings a season, according to the amount of rainfall, does the business; and, as before stated, does it so effectually that bountiful crops are absolutely certain.

Of late years much attention has been given to fruit-raising



CENTRAL SCHOOL BUILDING, MISSOULA—ONE OF THE CITY'S FIVE HANDSOME AND WELL-EQUIPPED GRADED SCHOOLS.

in the Missoula and Bitter Root valleys, and with such universal success that these valleys have acquired a most enviable reputation both for the quantity and quality of their products. Especially is this true of the apple crop. Everywhere that the Missoula and Bitter Root apples are known, they command the highest market price by reason of their superior flavor, keeping qualities, and entire freedom from worms, scale, or other common defects. They are well nigh perfect, and are already eagerly sought for in Eastern markets.

Pears do equally well, and are of a superior quality, though as yet less attention has been given to raising them. Plums, cherries, crab apples, and small fruits of all kinds yield enormously and are all of splendid quality, finding ready market at home at highest prices. The larger towns of Montana consume all the small fruit raised here, which is as yet wholly inadequate to supply the demand, great quantities being shipped into the State annually from other sections of the West. The city of Butte alone, one hundred and twenty-five miles distant by rail, consumes many times more fruit annually than is raised in the whole State of Montana. The fruit industry here is in its infancy, but that it has a great future no



ST. PATRICK'S HOSPITAL, MISSOULA.

one at all acquainted with the conditions can for a moment doubt.

A canning factory for small fruits and vegetables should soon be added to Missoula's business industries; it would undoubtedly find a profitable field, and meet with substantial encouragement.

Some sections of this favored country are admirably adapted to stock-raising and wool-growing. The former industry has already attained considerable importance, and it is steadily growing; while the latter is yet in an embryo condition.

Market gardening about Missoula has become quite an industry also. Butte, Helena, Great Falls, and other large towns of the State affording splendid markets.

So far as wheat, rye, oats, barley, etc., are concerned, it is now a well-known fact that these valley lands of Montana are unequaled in the Union, both for the quantity and quality of the grains produced. Montana barley commands a premium in Europe over all other barley in the world. Marcus Daly shipped Bitter Root Valley oats to not only almost every State in the Union, but also across the ocean, simply because they were the best oats grown, and certain high-class markets demanded them. He preferred them to all other oats for his own high-bred race-horses, and would use no other kind. Under irrigation such cereals as wheat, oats, rye, barley, etc., thrive amazingly. The yield per acre is almost past belief, and the weight of the grain is surprising. A forty-acre field of grain in these rich valleys will net a larger number of bushels than thrice the same area in the older grain-growing States. In recent years Montana has made wonderful progress in all agricultural lines. Time was when it was thought good for nothing but minerals, but that day has gone by forever. Each year adds to the State's cultivated area, and in a few years more Montana will be a very important factor in the grain-producing world. Missoula is in a splendid position geographically to reap the greatest possible benefit from this agricultural development. Its territorial population is certain to increase rapidly, the surrounding wealth is sure to gather greater volume with each new year, and local and county improvements will of necessity keep even pace with it all. Verily the opportunities offered by this favored section are legion.



HOTEL MISSOULA, MISSOULA. [By courtesy of *Democrat Messenger*.]

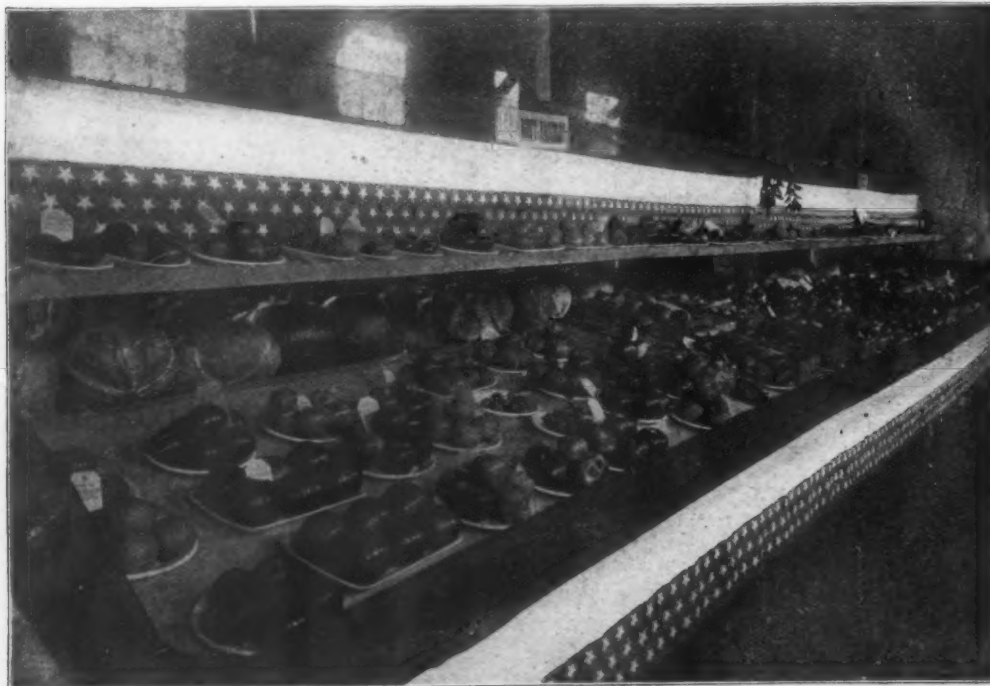
Add to this the fact that nowhere in the West is found a more delightful and equable climate, and surroundings that are more pleasing to the eye—such as beautiful valleys, majestic mountain ranges, winding rivers, fringed with cottonwood and pines; homes of beauty and thrift, etc., etc.—and one will not doubt that seekers after new homes and business opportunities will find in Missoula the Mecca they long have sought.

Desirable wild lands are not found here in abundance, but some tracts of very good farming lands are still obtainable at prices ranging from \$5 to \$20 per acre. Improved lands range in price from \$10 to \$100 per acre, while the best orchard tracts, with permanent water rights, close to Missoula, are obtainable at from \$150 to \$200 per acre.

It is not a section where people with no means should look for homes; but for those who have sufficient to make a start with, the Missoula and Bitter Root valleys offer all they could hope to find anywhere. Owing to the lumbering and mining industries

so extensively carried on hereabout, there are always opportunities, also, for new settlers to add something to their incomes while improving their new lands and building for themselves homes. It is a region that abounds in money-making opportunities—whether it be on lands, or in the woods and mines.

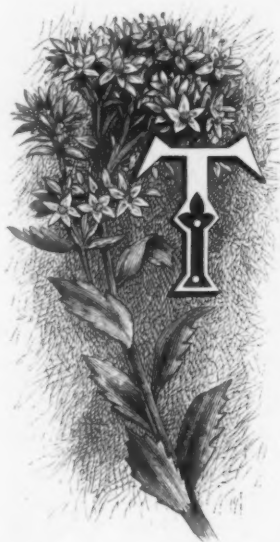
The resources of the country are so varied that almost any taste can be satisfied. Farming, fruit-growing, stock-raising, the sheep and wool industry, mining, lumbering—all these await fuller development by men who possess the necessary industry and intelligence.



A FRUIT AND VEGETABLE DISPLAY OF THE PRODUCTS OF BITTER ROOT VALLEY, MONT.—THE ANNUAL EXHIBITS AT THE WESTERN MONTANA FAIR, HELD IN MISSOULA, ARE A SURPRISE TO ALL VISITORS.

Sugar-Beet Culture in Manitoba.

BY A. L. HORTON.



THE manufacture of sugar from beet-roots is an outgrowth of the nineteenth century. From the first it has had the patronage of governments and the supervision of science. The industry was established by the Emperor Napoleon in 1811, and improvements in methods, machinery, cultivation, and varieties have developed it until now the beet is practically the only rival of the sugarcane in the production of sugar. France, Germany, Austria, Russia, Belgium, and Holland enjoyed almost a monopoly of beet-sugar manufacture until within recent years, when California, Oregon, New York, Michigan, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Washington, and other States of

the Union began operations in the industry.

These operations were successful enough to demand attention from the people of Canada, and a movement was commenced a year ago to have a searching investigation made, by a select committee of the Dominion Government, into the methods of the industry, with a view to establishing factories in Canada if it were thought that they could be conducted satisfactorily. It is true that in the Province of Quebec, at Farnham, Berthier, and Coaticook, factories were running for a short time, but, owing to their limited capacity and the lethargy of the farmers in not realizing the magnitude of the opportunity presented them, these factories were, financially, a failure.

The evidence taken for the Dominion Government in March, 1900, by the Select Standing Committee on Agriculture and Colonization, elicited many facts of the utmost importance in relation to this industry. Charles M. Jenkinson, M. P., of Gympie, Queensland, Australia, gave details of the manufacture of sugar from beets in that colony. The experience in the antipodes with the industry had not been encouraging. The colony of Victoria was the heaviest loser by the experiment. The chief deterrent to profitable production of sugar from beets in that colony was that in Queensland sugar-cane grew readily and cheap black labor was employed in cane-sugar manufacture. This cane-sugar was sold so cheaply that the beet-sugar industry was driven completely out of the field of competition. Taken altogether, the results of the test in Victoria had been far from encouraging. Mr. Jenkinson, however, was not posted on Canadian conditions, and simply gave his observations for what they were worth.

G. C. McMullen, of Watertown, N. Y., who was desirous of establishing beet-sugar factories in Canada, also gave evidence before the committee. He possesses a very extensive knowledge of the subject in hand, and was able to show satisfactorily that beet-sugar could be manufactured in Ontario or Quebec at good profit to the factory owners and to the farmers. In New York

and Michigan factories had been in operation only a few years, and in 1899 had made an exceptionally good showing. Farmers who grew beets for the factory were making more money from them, proportionately, than from any other crop, and they were highly satisfied with the results obtained. In Michigan, in the season of 1899, thirty million pounds of sugar were manufactured,—which represented to the farmers concerned in it the tidy sum of one million dollars. A conservative estimate of the results obtained amounted to a net profit of \$21 per acre. The maximum cost of production was \$35 per acre, and the minimum receipts were \$56. A comparison of the receipts from raising wheat and those from sugar-beets was made, which gave a substantial balance in favor of the latter. A comparison was also made of the relative value of beets grown in California and in Ontario, which revealed the fact that the Ontario beet was fully the equal of that grown in California, and, furthermore, would with proper cultivation yield a larger percentage of sugar. Experience in Michigan has proved that. Experience had also proved that a small beet weighing two and one-half or three pounds was better for manufacturing purposes than a very large one. A point worthy of special mention is that freezing the beets does not alter their value, providing they are kept frozen until manufacture.

At the beginning of the business it is necessary for the Government to give a bounty to the manufacturers until the industry has passed the experimental stage. In Utah, New York, and Michigan the bounty given is one cent per pound. If the industry is to be established permanently in Canada, the Dominion Government would be obliged to pay a like bounty; or the Provincial Government might assume the financial responsibility.

It has been proved time and again that for growing root-crops the Province of Manitoba is unexcelled. The size and quality of nearly every variety of field-root grown in the Prairie Province cannot be surpassed by any other Province of the Dominion or by any of the States of the Union. The crop of beet-roots in New York State ranges from fifteen to seventeen tons per acre, and the yield per acre in the other States will not exceed twenty tons at the outside. In the report of S. A. Bedford, of the Brandon, Man., Experimental Farm, for the year 1899, it is found that six varieties of sugar-beets were tested. The best of these varieties yielded 34 tons and 1,630 pounds per acre, and the least of them gave 25 tons and 1,810 pounds per acre. It may be safely assumed that an average of 25 tons per acre could be obtained by the ordinary farmer. Then, the time when beets require cultivation and attendance comes when there are no other pressing farm duties to call attention away from them.

The soil of Manitoba is peculiarly adapted to the raising of root-crops. Mr. McMullen stated that a sandy or gravelly loam was productive of better results than hard and sticky clay. What would be his idea of the rich vegetable mould of Manitoba, full of the chemical constituents which go so far in improving the quality of root-crops?

There is no reason why a factory could not be established in Manitoba. It would be certain to meet with approval from all quarters—especially from the thinking class of agriculturists, who would see in the establishment of the industry a means of escape from the heavy financial loss incurred by a failure of the wheat crop, such as occurred in the season of 1900. If a factory were established at some one of the smaller Provincial towns, there is every reason to believe that it would receive the unqualified support of the farmers of the surrounding districts; and shipments could also be made to it from other points in the Province. It is an industry worth considering.



THE LADY AND THE BOY.

A lady was calling at the home of a New Denver hopeful, says the New Denver (B. C.) *Ledge*, and, during a brief absence of the mother from the room, was entertained by the three-year-old. He had just been provided with his first pair of suspenders, was proud of them, and, boy like, wanted to tell about them.

"Yo' doesn't know what I's got, Missus Blank," said he. "I's got—I's got——" But he had forgotten the name, and could get no farther. He was not to be outdone, however, and, looking inquiringly into the lady's face, innocently asked:

"What yo' call 'em things what yo' hang you're pants on?"

JOKING A POLITICIAN.

A good joke is told on F. L. Moore, the fusion candidate for State senator, which happened at one of his meetings in the country. Before the meeting, relates the Moscow (Id.) *Mirror*, some wag decorated the wall of the building behind the speaker nicely, and beneath the decoration placed a placard with the following:

"From '93 to '97 I made \$18,000 in fees on mortgage foreclosures." "Down with money power." "F. L. Moore, attorney for the Northwestern & Pacific Hypotheek Bank and Lombard Mortgage Company." "I am pledged to vote for the payment of the governor's Coeur d'Alene war debt, if elected."

Whenever Mr. Moore would grow eloquent, the wag who had arranged the decoration would pull a string and expose the placard, the crowd would cheer, and the speaker thought he "had em." He failed to notice the decoration, and imagines that the audience was charmed by his eloquence.

HE KISSED MA, TOO.

During the "late unpleasantness" two well known LaMoure gentlemen who aspired to the same office—the contest being a three-cornered one—were looking after their political fences a few miles north of the city, states the LaMoure (N. D.) *Chronicle*. Both happened to be on the same road a short distance apart. The hindermost called at a certain house where a bright little girl came to the door.

Said he, "Sissie, will you please give me a drink o' water?" which she quickly did. Then he gave her some candy, and asked:

"Did the man just ahead of me give you any candy?"

"Yes, sir."

Then he gave her a nickel, and inquired:

"Did he give you any money?"

"Yes, sir; he gave me ten cents."

Then, picking her up, he kissed her and asked:

"Did he kiss you?"

"Yes, sir," she replied; "and he kissed ma, too!"

DE LA BERE'S ANSWER.

A New York manufacturer of fire-hose wrote to the chief of the Sheldon, N. D., department for information, and Mike De la Bere, editor of the Sheldon *Progress*, took it upon himself to answer as follows:

"Our fire department is not run by a belt tumbling shaft, nor any other device, contrivance, stratagem, scheme, or man. It is primitive in design, and has been in use since prior to the Declaration of Independence. It has been used as a milk- and

slop-bucket for four generations of our people, has had the bottom kicked out by thirty-five different cows, never had but two hoops, and the bail was lost in the fire of '97. However, if you have any second-hand bails, please send us price-list, net and discount.

"In answer to your questions: When will our people purchase hose? we reply, Just as soon as the weather gets so cold that they can't go barefoot.

"How many feet do we use? All have one, most of them two, scarcely any with three or more.

"Kind preferred, cotton or rubber? Cotton, and with no frills, tucks, or ruffles. We are a plain people."

OLD, BUT STILL GOOD.

"By the way," said the man who had stopped at a farmhouse in this vicinity to water his horse, "fifteen years ago a poor boy came this way and you took him in."

"Yes?" queried the farmer, somewhat surprised.

"You were kind to him," went on the stranger. "You fed him, gave him words of encouragement, and an old suit of clothes; you put money in his pocket, and sent him on his way rejoicing. He told you at the time that he never would forget your kindness. Am I right?"

"I believe you are," replied the farmer.

"He said that if he prospered he would see that you never had occasion to regret your kindness to a poor, struggling lad."

"Land's sakes!" exclaimed the farmer's wife, excitedly. "It sounds almost like a fairy-tale, don't it?"

"Well," continued the stranger, "he told me to tell you that he is still poor, and that he still remembers you. Good-day." And as he drove away, the farmer went out and kicked the pump viciously, while his wife threw a rolling-pin at the chickens.

THE HUMAN GEYSER.

This story is about a man who is related to the man who didn't know the gun was loaded. Every few weeks readers of newspapers see something about a man, a different one in each case, who takes a seidlitz powder by drinking off one mixture and following that with the other mixture, instead of pouring the contents of one glass into the other and drinking while the stuff effervesces. These stories are probably true. At least a case of this kind happened a few days ago out in Lester Park, according to the Duluth (Minn.) *News Tribune*. The drug clerk gave the man the following instructions when he sold the seidlitz powder:

"There are two powders in the package. Mix them in separate glasses. Then pour them together and drink when the liquid begins to foam."

The man carried out the instructions, but the stuff effervesced so suddenly that it went all over his face and into his eyes and down his vest, and very little down his throat. So it occurred to him that the only way to best the effervescing qualities of a seidlitz powder was to swallow one section of the dissolved stuff, and then the other. In that way, he reasoned, there would be no waste. He would get the full benefit of the powder, and it would not be necessary to wear a napkin to save his clothing from damage.

Preparing two more powders, he carried out the scheme, and it worked beautifully. When the second glass of the liquid mingled with the first in his stomach, there were doings. The stuff effervesced and spouted out of his mouth like a shower of miniature soap bubbles.

"What on earth is the matter with you?" exclaimed his wife.

Wiping the tears out of his eyes, and regarding her with sorrowful countenance, he replied:

"I am the human geyser, the wonder of the new century, and the despair of the medical and scientific world. I am the biggest idiot in St. Louis County, and I'm going to make a bee-line for a lunatic asylum before I bust. Bring me a handkerchief, please."

COULDN'T STAND A REPUBLICAN DOG.

Friend Wagstaff has a new story on a German citizen of Oshkosh, Wis. It has to do with the recent election, or, rather, with the result of the election. Wagstaff's German friend, if the Minneapolis *Lumberman* tells the truth, is a dyed-in-the-wool Bourbon Democrat, who is unworped in his devotion to his party as any hemlock ever shipped out to the trade by the man who has made Oshkosh famous.

The evening of election-day his German friend went downtown with the crowd, partly because the beer dealers had been out of business during the day, on account of the law, and partly to hear the returns, and, if possible, get some consolation out of both. The latter were not to his liking—but we will let him tell it himself as he told it to Wagstaff:

"I vent me down-down do hear vat vas news, but I don't like him. He vas doo much McKinley. Und de tam poys, he make so much noise mit deir tam gazooks I vas got disgused and vent me home und dry do go to sleep. Der vistles und der yells gone righd in der house, und I could nod get me asleep, und I lie avake und dink dose tam Republicans dey swoop der whole coundry. After vile, pretty guick, der vistles stob, und I vas youst aboud ged me to sleebe, ven mine dog Schneider he sid him down on der front stoob und bark like der tuyvel. I stood him a vile, und den I pud on mine pants und go down und kick dat tam Republican dog agross der street."

BESTING A TRAVELING MAN.

A certain well-known traveling man, who makes this territory very often, blew in last evening, states the Grand Forks (N. D.) *Herald*. He has always been very fond of practical jokes, and the more expensive they were to the unfortunate victim, the better he was pleased. Of late he has been passing himself off as telephone inspector, and has succeeded in getting his friends into all kinds of trouble and making them pay some pretty steep telephone bills. They all took it in good part, however, and watched for a chance to play even.

When he arrived last evening, they were ready for him. He went to his room quite late, and prepared to take a rest. He had just settled himself when he heard a rap at his door. Calling, "Come in," he was surprised to see a couple of the police of the city enter. He was informed that he was accused of passing himself off as an employee of the telephone company, and it was their duty to place him under arrest. He protested his innocence, and requested the officers to examine his grips and see for themselves that he had business of his own.

The officers said they did not wish to make him any trouble, and would examine his belongings, and, if everything was found as represented, they would let the matter rest till morning.

Upon opening the grip, the first thing discovered was a human thumb, which, when exhibited, nearly caused the poor fellow to faint. He was asked to give an explanation, but he was speechless.

Pressed by the officers, he said that he knew nothing of the thumb, and had never seen it before, but he was informed by the officers that he must give a bond for his appearance today, if wanted, or get some of his friends to guarantee that he would be on hand if called for.

After some worry and trouble, he located an acquaintance, and the matter was settled to the satisfaction of all.

When he woke up in the morning and found that his friends were at the bottom of the deal, and that they got the thumb of one of the physicians of the city and put it in his grip, and then put the police on, he did the only thing he could do, and treated the crowd to the best that a prohibition community affords.

A SNAKE STORY.

"That reminds me of a snake story," said another drummer. I once went into a certain store, sold a bill of goods, and told a story about a snake which had been in the habit of stealing eggs. The snake would fill up on eggs, then climb a tree, fall off, and digestion would do the rest. A farmer, who had just come in with some pullets, had been listening.

"Some snakes is different to that, mister," he said.

"One in my place was. He was a snake, like the one you spoke of, only he didn't have half the sense. Well, this fellow hadn't the habit of stealin' aigs, but he run acrost a nest one day, and, without askin' any questions, he ups and swallows six whole aigs. That filled him up nice and snug, and he went back to his den under the barn without ever thinkin' once about breakin' the shells, like your snake done. That's where your'n had the bulge on him.

"Well, he couldn't digest them aigs to save his life, and they staid right with him; and about three weeks after this snake I'm tellin' you about had swallowed them aigs, I happened to ketch him layin' out in the sun by the barn, and the fust thing he knowed I had cut him in two with a hoe, about six inches from his shoulder blades. I slung the head-part into the hog-pen, and picked up the tail end, when, dod rot my buttons! if half a dozen jist hatched chickens didn't come tumblin' out.

"Well, it skeert me a little at fust, but I braced up, and, knowin' somethin' about snakes, I made up my mind that them



"That reminds me of a snake story," said another drummer."

chickens was the result of undigested aigs. Them's the very pullets out there in the coop now, and ef you don't believe me you kin come out and look at 'em yourself."

A NEW CIRCULATION SCHEME.

An editor of a Kootenay, B. C., paper, who is unmarried, made the proposition to send his paper free of charge for one year to every maiden who would send her address and a lock of her hair before January 1st, 1901. He now has the largest circulation in the neighborhood, and enough hair to stuff a mattress.



Natural Phenomena in the Waters of the Arctic Ocean.



In a paper read before the Alaska Geographical Society, not long ago, by Conrad Seim, the following interesting theories were advanced regarding the phenomena of currents and ice action in the Arctic Ocean. Mr. Seim says:

I have lived for nine years on the shores of the Arctic Ocean at Point Barrow, Alaska, engaged in the business of ice-floe whaling. As the success of this whale fishery depends to a large degree on the actions, structures, and conformation of the ice masses, I was early, and in part by necessity, led to observe and to study these ever-changing conditions; and the phenomenal movements of these large bodies of ice, occurring year in and year out under my eyes, naturally incited in me the spirit of inquiry—to try if possible to fix the causes and laws which govern these motions.

But after continuing to gather facts for a number of years I found myself in the position of the old Yankee whaling skipper, who, on being interviewed by me concerning the knowledge he had acquired during his many years of ice navigation, honestly declared that he was gaining more experience every year, but knew less. All my observations served simply to entangle me in a mesh of contradictory conclusions. It was only after putting to myself the unbiased question, "What agents caused the ice to move, and in what way?"—that to some extent I began to see the method.

At the same time, however, I was forced to the conclusion that it would be futile to fixedly mark out local currents and to predict ice actions in any part of the Arctic Ocean. I will endeavor to demonstrate this. The agencies I named myself were: First, wind; second, tides and currents which enter the Arctic from other oceans; third, collisions between masses of ice; fourth, hydrostatic laws which come into operation when water freezes. Now, it should go without saying, that these different agencies often act simultaneously, but for the sake of simplification I will consider them separately.

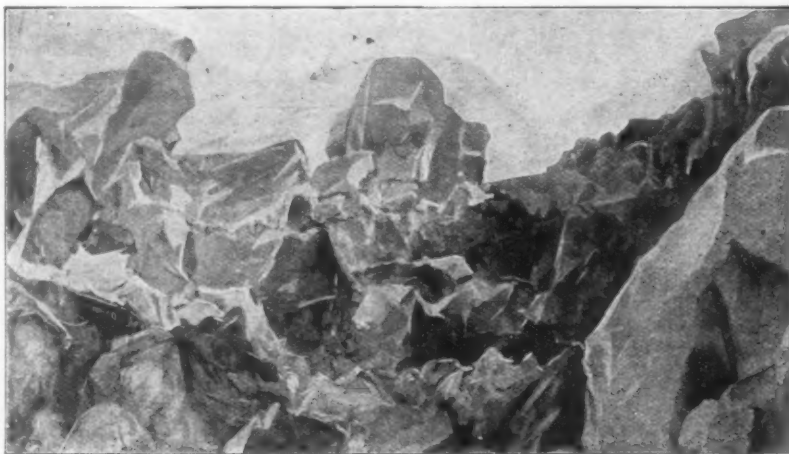
Ice, if floating free in the water, it is often said, will drift before the wind, but this is fallacious. I have oftentimes observed ice masses sailing on the wind, the high, hummocky parts which would naturally catch more wind pressure acting as sails, while projections and prongs extending to various depths under water would take the place of center-board and rudder. Then, again, I have seen ice moving at a rapid rate right into the teeth of a strong gale. A novice would be apt to say to himself that there was a current stronger than the wind, but the explanation is a simple one, generally. The wind, blowing over a large field of ice, perhaps hundreds of miles in extent, and as yet closely knitted together and getting more purchase on higher ice at one end, has set the field to swinging—other masses of ice on the land acting at times as a fulcrum,

and before it began to break up, its outer edge has received such a momentum that upon disintegration pieces of it are propelled for many miles, as if carried along by a strong current. The many erratic currents and movements which are created when a number of large ice masses are made to whirl by the wind, can be more easily imagined than described. I could cite many incidents in illustration, either observed by myself at Point Barrow, or experienced by captains of whale-ships, which would remain inexplicable if no allowance were made for the centrifugal force exerted by huge whirling ice-fields. I will limit myself to one—the crushing by ice of the steam whaler Bowhead in 1884.

It was the latter part of July, when, on a calm and sunny morning, the steam whaler Bowhead, Capt. E. Smith, tied up with its ice-hooks on the west side of a large field of ice, several acres in extent, grounded for fifteen or twenty miles off shore. Icy Cape and Blossom Shoals were about east by compass. The drift-lead over the side indicated that the field was solidly grounded. Scattered pieces of small ice were drifting by the vessel to the north at the rate of about one-half knot an hour. It was an exceptionally clear morning, and the look-out from the crow's-nest could see a long distance. "No heavy ice in sight off shore," was his report; everything looked serene and secure. Captain Smith concluded to blow down his boilers and make some necessary repairs on them. Toward noon the weather became hazy, so that the masthead man could at the farthest see only a distance of three miles. Shortly after eight bells had been struck, he shouted to the deck that heavy ice was coming in from the west. Efforts were made at once to warp the vessel around to the other side of the ground ice, but before this could be accomplished she was caught and nipped between it and the incoming mass, which consisted of another connected field of about the same size. In an instant she was

careened; her stern crushed and filled with water. The crew hurriedly jumped on to the ice-floe for safety; very soon, however, the ice pressure ceased, but the two floes had become so firmly attached to each other that the vessel between them was held up for days after.

Now, the question is, What caused this ice to come in with such velocity and force, as if propelled by its own motive power? Some of



"During the long winter months the ice king gradually extends his kingdom, building his grand castles and turrets in every part of his Arctic domain."

the captains talked wisely of local currents and eddies, but their own four or five ships, which had been either riding at anchor or had been tied up to ground ice only a few miles farther south, had not experienced the least change of current. During the night before a strong breeze from the east had been blowing. After the accident, smaller fields of ice set in from the same westerly direction. The cause would have been always a mystery to me had I not determined

to my own satisfaction that this ice had been thrown off at a tangent from a larger whirling ice mass. I believe it to be a scientific fact, corroborated by the experience of whale-ship captains, that winds, especially south winds, are gradually deflected when blowing over Arctic ice-fields, so that to some extent air currents in the Arctic are of a circular or cyclonic character.

I do not know whether I am keeping strictly within scientific terminology, or even within the facts as generally accepted, when I state that the Arctic Ocean lies beyond the tidal zone; that the forces which cause the phenomenon of tides on this earth have no chance to directly operate in the Arctic Ocean. At Point Barrow, regular ebb and flood tides are not perceptible. We have at times high water, especially in summer, with strong southerly winds. Often the water will rise more or less from causes unknown to me, but which on occasion, at least, I imagine, can be traced to the solid ice masses, which, moving through the water, act like immense moving dams, forcing the water up before them. It has sometimes appeared to me that the water had been dammed in between ice masses and the land, like a great reservoir, which, having but comparatively small outlets through which to recover its level, would require time to do so. Indirectly we feel the effect of tide action at Point Barrow, especially in the spring; and here I will make a digression which may appear irrelevant to the matter under discussion, but is not.

During my first winter at Point Barrow I was often assured by the Eskimo whale men that the whales never came until after the first full moon of spring. Their experience, gathered, no doubt, by long years of observation, was verified by my own. But why? What has the moon to do with whales? was the question which naturally suggested itself. The answer is, the moon causes tides, and the tides cause—but, wait a minute. During the long winter months the ice king has gradually extended his kingdom, spreading himself over all the water, and building his grand castles and turrets in every part of his Arctic domain. When the March sun gilds the many pinnacles and spires he has reared over his vast handiwork, he reigns supreme, and the whole Arctic is his own. Motionless lies his kingdom in silent grandeur. Then all at once, in the spring, comes the giant tide, made doubly strong by sun and moon, and with irresistible might topples over the ice king's glittering throne—the waters swell—and, see—there is room for life!

As winter has progressed, the ice in the Arctic has increased, becomes more and more firmly knitted together; so that by March the whole ocean seems to be covered by one enormous ice-sheet, as rigid and as motionless as the land. Over it blow the strong March gales, cold and dry, without any perceptible effect upon it. Hardly any oscillations take place, and no water-holes or leads are to be found. There seems to be a hopeless task for the slowly advancing spring. Then all at once there is a mighty change; the ice bursts into cracks and leads; strong winds, moist and laden with snow, come from the north; the ice begins to move and to whirl; currents and eddies are created

which sweep the whale food together from where it has hung under the heavy ice all winter, and the tables are set for the Arctic's summer guests, the whales and other denizens of the deep, which now pass up in endless numbers to their northern home.

What is the mighty agent? What brought this sudden and wonderful change in the Arctic? I believe it to be the spring-tide. It is the only force of sufficient power to accomplish the result. Examine a circumpolar map, and it will be observed

that the Arctic Ocean is nearly inclosed by land. Through the narrow Bering Straits, and through the many narrow, nearly always ice-blocked channels of the archipelago between Greenland and the American mainland, the tide has no chance to penetrate with any great force. Only on the Atlantic side is there an opening wide enough for the tide to break the ice barriers with a shock that is felt over the whole Arctic area. Something has to give way, and the ice-cap cracks and breaks in its weakest places; then the winds get a chance again, and the currents and many rivers which flow into the Arctic do the rest.

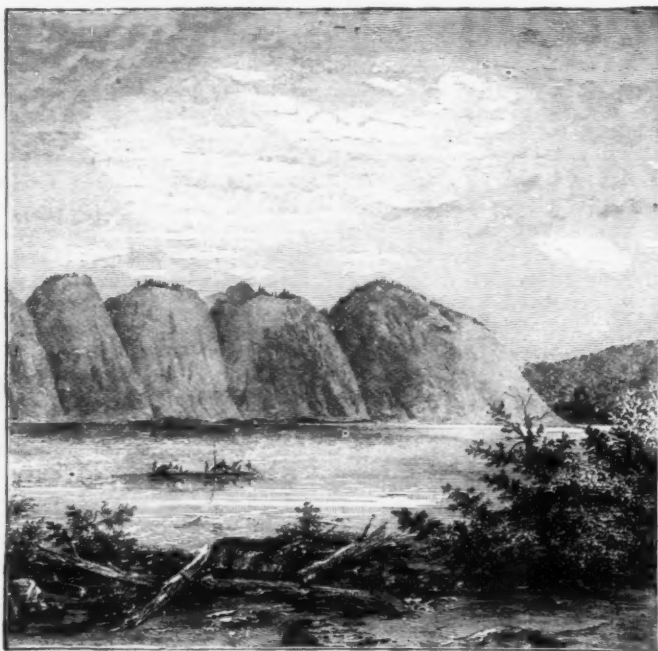
I will advance the proposition that all currents in the Arctic are circular, following therein, perhaps, simply the law of moving in the di-

rection of least resistance. The ice masses which they encounter will always gradually deflect them, and in a way like solid land; although they are at times pushed along by them, and at others serve to branch and change them.

The idea of circularity of currents in the Arctic first took form in my mind by watching the action of the water of a small river when breaking out in the spring upon the yet solid sea ice, flooding and disintegrating it. The mass of the water would be forced around in a circle by the obstructing ice, to join again and to augment and strengthen the steadily overflowing stream. Returning again and again with renewed force to its task, it would mill the ice in ever wider sweeping circles, whirling the broken pieces to the center, and, compacting them there, would give them as a body a rotary motion. A noticeable peculiarity was that the smaller ice would work toward the center, there gradually to melt and deposit its silt.

At the mouth of every river, large or small, which debouches into the Arctic, this process repeats itself on corresponding scale, as the off-lying shoals in part go to show; and by what I have been able to learn by observation or otherwise during my residence at Point Barrow and at Bering Strait, I have come to the conclusion that the strong, warm current which enters the Arctic through Bering Strait is made to act and flow in a similar manner, but on such a large scale that we must needs use our imagination to follow it. I will try to picture in a general way how this current is made to act every year, and then state some circumstances and incidents which will serve to corroborate it.

During the winter, the strong, warm current which has its origin in far-away Japan has gradually lost its power between the increasing ice masses of Bering Sea; but with the return of spring it again quickly gains mastery over these cold waters,



"The warm current is reinforced in the spring by the rushing waters of the mighty Yukon, which the accompanying illustration shows most vividly."

penetrates them, and enters the Arctic through Bering Strait reinforced by the rushing waters of the mighty Yukon, which the accompanying illustration shows most vividly. In the Arctic it encounters ice of a more solid character, which it starts to move and disintegrate, but is itself quickly deflected and forced around in a short circle; so that at first we have the phenomenon of a current running strongly to the north on the east or Cape Prince of Wales side of Bering Strait, while on the west or east cape side it is setting nearly as strongly to the south. Gradually it wears away the ice, and the circles grow wider and wider.

Along the Arctic northwest coast of Alaska, from Point Hope to Point Barrow, there is generally a strip of weak ice between the land-adhering ice-foot and the pack, caused by the oscillations of the latter, continued nearly all winter. Tide-cracks and leads generally open in it all along in the early spring. After the current has made some room to the south, the then generally prevailing strong northeast winds have a chance to shove the pack-ice off bodily, and a channel or lead of some width is opened between the pack and the land. Up this channel the current then rushes, going straight in its original direction from the southwest to the northeast. We could always tell it when it arrived at Point Barrow, on account of the life it would carry.

It would be past the middle of May before it would penetrate in full force. North of Point Barrow the current encounters still heavier ice-fields, and is deflected to the east or west, or branches both ways, according to the ice and water conditions prevailing. As summer advances and the heavy ice recedes to the north, we have along the Arctic east shore of Alaska a strong current to the westward, caused in part, no doubt, by the wheeling current—strengthened by outflows from rivers and the predominant easterly winds. This meeting with the current from the south, north of Point Barrow, is the cause, no doubt, of the strong northwest current so much dreaded there by the whalers.

It is evident, however, that with the ever-changing conditions of ice, water, and winds, which are no two years alike, it would be folly to mark out on a chart the exact direction of this current; nevertheless, that there is a certain permanency about it, located shoals laid down on every Arctic chart go to show. I will mention here the Herald shoals. These are situated, I think, in the center of the wide-circling current, and are formed, in my judgment, by the lighter, dirtier bay and river ice swept to this center during cycles upon cycles, there to melt and deposit silt; so that it may not be so far fetched to advise gold-seekers to dredge on Herald shoals.

I have been riding at anchor in the late summer off Cape Prince of Wales, with the taffrail log indicating a three-knot current to the north, while on the Siberian side the ice was drifting into Bering Sea with some speed. Along the Siberian coast from Cape Serdze toward East Cape, a strong set to the eastward is by report nearly always to be found. An incident which will help to prove the circularity of Arctic currents is the drift of the abandoned whaling bark, *Young Phoenix*. In the beginning of August, 1888, during a strong southwest gale, the *Young Phoenix*, Captain Millard commanding, dragged her anchors at Point Barrow, and in bumping over a narrow reef lost her rudder. When drifting helplessly before the wind off-shore, the crew cut away the mizzenmast, intending to use the spar as a temporary rudder; but before the arrangements could be completed, Captain Millard, seeing heavy ice close under his lee, concluded to abandon the vessel, fearing that she would be quickly broken to pieces by the masses of broken ice surging and rolling in the heavy swell. This was between fifteen and twenty miles northeast from Point Barrow. In the first week of September she was sighted in the distance about twenty miles due north of the Midway Islands, on the Arctic east shore of Alaska, by a passing whaling steamer, enclosed in the outer edge of heavy pack-ice. A large number of whaling vessels had been cruising between this location and Point Barrow during the whole month of August, and often quite a distance off-shore, without having sighted the abandoned whaler, which had no doubt been carried far to the north during her eastward trip. Late in October, or the beginning of November, report was brought to the station by some Point Barrow natives that they

had seen, a day or two before, a two-masted vessel passing the point a long way off-shore bound to the westward, which they had thought was a steamer, as she had no sails set. On the morning of the 11th of July, 1899, at about 10 A. M., we raised from the high bluffs at Cape Smythe, with glasses, a vessel then at least fifteen miles to the south, some flapping canvas still hanging to yards and stays. We thought for awhile that she was an early arriving whaler, but her erratic movements as she was whirled along on the ice soon showed her to be a derelict. We had at the time a very strong breeze from the northeast, which had been blowing already more or less for over a week.

It was about 4 P. M. when we boarded her abreast of Cape Smythe, about two miles off-shore, and found her to be the *Young Phoenix*. She was solidly frozen in, and raised somewhat, in the middle of a heavy field of ice about two acres in extent. Her hold was filled with solid ice, and the remaining masts and rigging, though weather-worn, seemed to be in comparatively good condition. Her sails had been blown out of the buntlings, and part of her canvas, still attached to the yards, was flapping loosely. On her decks were numerous bear tracks and evidences of an effort on the part of the bears to reach some smoked salmon still hanging from her boatskids. She was moving so rapidly that we had only time to take from her a few articles before we had to let her continue on her lonely voyage. By 7 P. M. she had disappeared from sight, drifting into the northwest, and since then she has never been seen. It must remain a matter of conjecture whether she was carried off at a tangent into the Jeanette current, to be ground to pieces in the same Arctic mill which crushed the Jeanette, or whether, released from her icy bonds, she found a grave in the course of the circling current.

TRUTH.

Truth, show thy face to me
And I will follow thee
Wherever thou may'st lead.
My spirit through the night
Sends up a cry for light;
Do thou her prayer heed.

So much of error here,
So much of doubt and fear,
Like mists becloud our sight;
So much of fallacy,
So much of sophistry,
We cannot see aright.

And yet I sometimes dream,
Beyond the things that seem,
Thy form I recognize—
A veiled but shining vision.
As over-hills elysian,
A dawn of sweet surprise!

Truth, where thy realms commence,
Beyond the gates of sense—
The threshold of the mind,—
For thee we ever seek,
But fall. Our feet are weak,
And we are halt and blind.

The world has waited long
Thy coming. Like a song,—
A song that has been sung,—
The centuries have fled.
Earth sepulchered her dead,
And to the vision clung.

Sometimes a glimpse was caught,—
Above the hills of thought,
The glimmer of a star,—
A glory on the page
Of poet, seer, or sage,
As shed through gates ajar.

Truth, show thy face to me,
And I will follow thee
Until thy spirit fills
My being. Lead me on,
Until I see the dawn
On the eternal hills!

J. A. EDGERTON.

Denver, Colo.

Life's Drama on Tatoosh Island.



ATOOSH ISLAND, on Cape Flattery, writes Mrs. L. F. Mosher of Washington to a friend of this magazine, is at the entrance of the Strait of San Juan de Fuca, just around the most northwest point of the State of Washington. It is an old lighthouse station that was built about thirty-five years ago. The island is seventeen acres in extent, and is a high bluff with several small islands and tall rocks, just severed from it, which look as if they had been broken loose on the plan of the

more the merrier, so as to relieve the everlasting monotony. Wild grass, weeds, and vegetables grow luxuriantly; that is, all kinds of vegetables that are not easily blighted by east winds. Some wild strawberries also grow on the island. The day before I got there, John went with a party to one of the smaller islands to gather strawberries. They stayed until the tide came in, and then it was necessary for John to do some wading and carry the women of the party to the main island; and the funny part of this trip is that you can't reach the top of the little island visited without the aid of a rope (and a pole) that is fastened on the summit and hangs down the rocky side. The main island has steps cut in its sides; they were made by the Government, but are now almost worn out.

To reach Tatoosh you have to take a steamer at Seattle and travel eighteen hours, at the end of which time you reach Neah Bay. There you spend the night. In the morning an Indian will take you in a canoe the remaining six miles. Just think of six miles on the ocean with an Indian! The coast is most unfriendly, it being bluffs the entire way, with one exception. Then there are more rocks, and still rocks. Some of them are no larger than chairs; others—thousands of them—are as large as small houses; and some are like churches and big halls. The coast doesn't furnish but one landing-place from the time you get out from Neah Bay until you reach Tatoosh; so if you are shipwrecked, you're sure of death, as there is no kindly beach for one to land on. Tatoosh is just the same—all rocks, except one little beach.

Two men left Tatoosh to go to Neah Bay for provisions. They were caught in the "tide-rip," which is an awful thing to be caught in. It is caused by two currents as two tides come together, and the waves are something like huge saw-teeth. When one of the men, who was a good sailor, found that they could not reach Neah Bay, he did what he could do to escape the rips, and went with the tide for the shore of Vancouver Island, about twelve miles away. If they could have had daylight a few hours longer all would have been well with them, but the ocean was very rough and the Vancouver coast full of rips and reefs, and they were dashed to their death some time during the night, while they were trying to reach Carman light. They were picked up a few days afterward, and buried on the beach. Both men left wives and children. It was an awful time at the station. They did not know what had become of the men, who had left on Saturday, and the weather prevented John from going to Neah Bay to find out where they were. The wives were frantic over the uncertainty, but no one could get away from the island until the following Tuesday. At last John got to Neah Bay, and the Government sent a steamer coastwise to hunt for the men. They learned that the old lighthouse-keeper at Carman Point had found and buried the poor, battered bodies.

The Indians, during the fishing season, live on the beach at Tatoosh. They have a number of old houses in which they camp and dry fish. They also make baskets, mats, and pretty toy

canoes, which they sell at a good profit, as Indian things are now the rage.

The mail is usually taken to Tatoosh once a week by an Indian mail-carrier, but this winter the weather has been so bad that he has not always been able to go so often. My daughter is the only woman on the island since the wives of the drowned men have left, so the loneliness of the situation can be imagined. The wind, the waves, and the stars are her company, and I've no doubt that her dreams are full of them.

THE CROSSROADS.

I want to have my life again

Back at the crossroads where it started;

Of those four ways upon that plain

Whence I set forth so eager-hearted,

I chose the one most rough and hilly

For me and Pegasus, my filly.

This in its favor, I admit,

For which I give it every credit—

Though it abounds in many a pit,

There's many a height. There, there! I've said it.

No level reach of gullen sameness

Can blast it with the crime of tameness.

Sometimes so deep it pitches down

That I lose sight of starry heaven,

And flounder in the bogs around

Till I can count to six or seven

Before swearing. But, always handy,

'Long comes a hill up which I shindy.

Hard climbing, then; but, oh! the drops

Are so profound I never mind it—

So glad to gain a height where sweeps

A larger view before, behind it;

And, gasping hard, I hold the top

A moment, till begins the drop.

Sometimes a little valley ope's

Its level space where peace is found,

And now the weary spirit hopes

That that's the place where it was bound.

Alas! it knows full better when

My faltering footsteps leave the glen.

There Pegasus is fain to stay

And browse knee-deep in honied clover,

To think no more of that wild way

Of mountains which we traveled over;

But duty urges, we must journey—

Whether it leads to Pound or Tournay.

"The child is crying for the moon"—

I saw it once delineated;

We grasp a prize, how soon, how soon

The restless-hearted one is sated!

Henceforth, but give me what I sigh for,

And I shall need no moon to cry for.

Now, what I wish for most is peace—

A ceasing of the up and down;

My road has led me steeplechase

O'er hill and valley, brake and town.

It had its joys,—but, look at me

And Pegasus, sprung at the knee!

I've heard reports of many people

(Who chose a better road than I did)

Who're safely anchored as a steeple.

From their example, I've decided,

Had but a finger-post directed,

I had been one of the elected.

At every crossroad, where begins

A life for someone, should be set

Four tablets with appropriate signs—

That he who starts can safely bet,

Bar accidents, the chance is even

To reach the neighborhood of Heaven.

L. A. OSBORNE.

Pierce, Idaho.

THE EVENTIDE.

Slowly descends the gentle eventide,

With peaceful wings o'er earth extended wide;

Now in the west fades out the purple light,

And tired Day rests in the arms of Night.

Through dark'ning skies pale gleams the new-born moon,

While gentlest lullabies the breezes croon,

And far from yonder radiant heaven-crowned steep,

The Star of Love a faithful watch doth keep.

MARIA S. ROBERTS.

Olympia, Washington.



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Nineteenth Year.



IN the boot and shoe world a name may not be everything but it is a great deal. The name of FOOT, SCHULZE & COMPANY on any brand of footwear stamps it as the best that skill, long experience and established reputation can produce. Dealers find that it makes trade.

FOOT, SCHULZE & COMPANY are the oldest, largest, and best shoe manufacturers in the Northwest, and they always expect to be. When you visit their immense factory and salesrooms at the corner of Third and Wacouta streets, St. Paul, you will see that in point of equipment, grade of goods manufactured, prices, and in the variety of lines shown, their factory and its products stand at the head.

OUT of this factory any boot and shoe dealer can stock his store complete. There are the finest and most stylish shoes for men, elegant foot apparel for ladies and misses in all prevailing fashions, and the neatest and most durable lines of children's shoes ever made. FOOT, SCHULZE & COMPANY also make a specialty of heavier and stronger boots and shoes for farmers, miners and lumbermen, the quality of these goods being well known throughout the Northwest, and even in far-off Alaska.

IN a word, FOOT, SCHULZE & COMPANY know what the trade and the people require, and these are the kind of goods they make. You can buy the finest-finished dress shoes of them for the reception room, or the just as well-made but stronger and less expensive footwear intended for logging-camps, mountain wear and farm service. They are makers of boots and shoes for the people. FOOT, SCHULZE & COMPANY are also Northwest agents for Goodyear's India rubber glove overshoes, a large line of which is carried in stock constantly. Dealers know that Goodyear's rubber goods are the best in the market.

Boots and shoes that are well made are half sold. The trade knows this; and this is why thousands of Northwestern boot and shoe dealers stock up on goods manufactured by FOOT, SCHULZE & COMPANY—the oldest, largest, and best shoe manufacturers in the Northwest.



AN example that might be followed to advantage by numerous other communities is about to be set by the church-going people of Sunnyside, Wash. A federated church is to be built for the common use of Methodists, Congregationalists, Baptists, Dunkards, and Christians alike, thus saving the burdensome expense of maintaining a lot of separate houses of worship. We do not know whether it is the intention of these people to unite under one preacher or not, but it is a long step in the right direction when they can see their way to holding services beneath the same roof.

* * *

COL. W. S. BRACKETT's series of articles on "An Exploring Expedition in Northern Idaho" is completed with this number. The five parts have been remarkable for the simplicity of the language used, and for the clearness, directness, and comprehensiveness of the author's descriptive powers. The whole constitutes a graphic story of the past and present life and resources of the vast regions explored—from the early discovery of placer gold in the old Florence days, to the more modern quartz era in the Buffalo Hump and Seven Devils districts. Colonel Brackett is a conscientious writer—his pen keeps within the limitation of fact—he speaks of what he knows, and his writings are the more valuable therefor. It was not long ago that he visited this office. He is a quiet, well-preserved man of some fifty or fifty-five years of age, whose face bears the impress of the multitude of experiences gathered by him during the years that he has spent in the rugged solitudes of the great mountain States. He is now living in Montana, and readers of this magazine will be pleased to know that other articles are promised from his pen in the near future.

* * *

NOTWITHSTANDING all the talk about annexing Northern Idaho to Washington, it is hardly probable that anything will come of it. Such a step would be more feasible were a new State formed east of the Cascades, with Spokane or some other point for the capital. All of Northern Idaho is directly tributary to Eastern Washington, both geographically and in the matter of railways, but it is not to be expected that Idaho will surrender so rich a portion of its domain just because—as it is argued—Olympia is a more accessible capital city than Boise. The time is not far distant when Northern and Southern Idaho will be linked together by steel rails, and then Boise will be as convenient of access as the far-away capital of Washington. The changing of State lines is getting to be more and more difficult. Now and then a change is desirable, such as took place when Dakota was cut into equal parts, but in the main the present State areas will undoubtedly be permitted to remain as they are. Territorial division creates confusion, adds to cost of administration, and is not infrequently the cause of much bitter sectional strife.

* * *

FOR several years prior to the Spanish-American war the Western horse was relegated to an obscurity so dense and so remote that no one expected to hear of him again. Between the bicycle and the trolley his days of usefulness were numbered. Entire herds of plains horses were permitted to perish of starvation and neglect, all because no value attached to them. Other thousands were ground into canned "beef" and shipped to France. The Western pony and the Western horse were indeed

in hard lines. But the war came to rescue them. Horses were needed badly—thousands of them—and it was found that none were hardier or better adapted to the service than these five- and ten-dollar horses of the great Northwest. So great was the demand that values increased ten to twenty-fold. Then came British agents to buy up horses for service in South Africa, and finally a further steady need of horses for our army in the Philippines. So the horse held up his head again, and farmers, ranchmen, and market-masters once more regarded him respectfully and begrudged him not a measure of corn and a bit of herbage. Despite the bicycle, the trolley, the automobile, and all the other contrivances for the suppression of this noble animal, he is holding his own fairly well, and seems destined to be perpetuated indefinitely.

* * *

THE dream of a railway to connect the Great Lakes with Hudson's Bay has materialized to such an extent that it is being talked about. As a matter of fact, such a road is now under construction, if reports be true. This new road, known as the Algoma Central, starts at Sault Ste. Marie, and is being equipped and operated as fast as the rails are laid. Some thirty-five miles of trackage are already in use. The capital for this huge enterprise comes mainly from the United States, and it is expected that the line will be completed within three years. It had its origin in the pulp-mills at Sault Ste. Marie. They need a more extensive supply of pulp-wood, a necessity which can be supplied only by entering the new timber regions of the far North. This growing need, together with the fact that the country to be traversed is rich in minerals and other material resources, seemed to furnish a basis upon which profitable railway traffic could be established. So the line was started, and it is confidently asserted that it will be an accomplished fact by the year 1904. It is said that especial attention will be paid to transit traffic. At every stopping-place a first-class hotel will be built, and at Hudson's Bay a modern seaside resort will be maintained. Game is abundant, fishing in the numerous lakes and streams could not be better, the scenic features are grand and varied beyond description, and the mighty forests and rich mineral deposits hold forth alluring inducements to capitalists and investors. The construction of this line would really be one of the most daring and picturesque ventures known in railway annals, and the enterprise will be watched with interest.

* * *

THE National Buttermakers' Convention held in St. Paul recently attracted wide attention to an industry that is growing in importance annually. Representatives were present from nearly every State in the Union, and the hundreds of exhibits bore eloquent testimony to the deep interest that is taken by the buttermakers of the country in these competitive meetings. To these conventions come experts from all the leading creameries, and it is no small benefit to butter manufacturers to be thus able to exchange views and experiences. The cows of the country have become a mighty source of wealth—the modern co-operative creamery is fast solving the problem of how to succeed on the farm. Properly cared for, and with her product properly economized, one cow is a better money-maker than three acres of wheat. With this fact more generally established in farming communities, greater attention will be paid to forage culture and to dairying, and smaller effort be devoted to the growing of cereals. No one industry will go so far as dairying toward maintaining a profitable balance of production on average American farms. It is pleasing to know that the Western and Northwestern States still hold the lead among all the butter-making commonwealths. Minnesota keeps a firm grasp on first honors, followed closely by Wisconsin, Iowa, Nebraska, South Dakota, Illinois, and Kansas. North Dakota, Washington, and Oregon are also making rapid progress in dairying, so that in a few years more we may expect to see a chain of successful

creameries and cheese factories running all the way from Lake Michigan to the waters of Puget Sound.

* * *

It is only two short years since returning tenderfoots from the Klondike endeavored to give that auriferous region a bad name. They had gone thither expecting to pick up golden nuggets from the surface sands—gone there without experience and without rugged manhood, and they came back disheartened and glibly eloquent with dolorous tales of woe. Yet the Klondike has already given to the world nearly or quite \$50,000,000 worth of gold. In 1899 the output was not less than \$17,000,000, for 1900 it reached a total of at least \$20,000,000, and for the year 1901 the grand total amounted to not less than \$25,000,000. The figures given are based on the returns made by the Canadian gold commissioner at Dawson and the United States consul, and they may therefore be accepted as reliable. Other rich yields have come from the newer American fields in the Nome District, from which over five millions in gold was taken last year. Elsewhere in this number of the magazine is an article from an unquestioned source, on this same subject, which shows that the Cape Nome field may be expected to yield millions of yellow metal for years to come. It is still in its infancy. Thousands of incapable men who went there with the early rush have come back to say that Cape Nome is a gold-field in name only, yet those who went to work practically, and who had the hardihood to withstand the necessary labor and exposure, have been well rewarded. It is the firm belief of many successful miners and prospectors that the gold deposits of Alaska have as yet scarcely been scratched—that the future will uncover fields beside which those of Nome and the Yukon will seem poor indeed.

* * *

THE early immigration movement to the Northwest this spring plainly indicates that the Western fever has not yet lost its hold on farmers of the Middle and Eastern States. A majority of these springtide settlers are bound for Washington, Oregon, and Idaho, but a good many of them are also finding homes in North and South Dakota. For some time past the Northern Pacific and Great Northern roads have been carrying train-loads of new people through to the Coast, as many as fifteen hundred having left St. Paul in one day. Doubtless this large early movement is due to the popular excursion-rates now offered, many people taking advantage of them to come West to look the country over. A fair percentage of these tourists will become permanent settlers, and very few, it is fair to assume, will return with other than good impressions of the sections visited. It is noticeable that a large proportion of these homeseekers come from such States as Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Ohio. They realize that the country is prosperous, that the best Western farm lands are increasing in value rapidly, and that the sooner they secure a foothold on our prairies and in our valleys the less they will have to pay for their new homes. They reason well. A nation that has nearly eighty millions of people is certain to have early demand for every cultivable acre of land it possesses. Every year gives these acres added value. In a short time it will be impossible to buy good agricultural lands under fifteen, twenty, twenty-five and thirty dollars an acre. The Northwest is filling up with people who want land. They are buying all they can of this rich soil every year. The old settler in the Dakotas and in Minnesota, Wisconsin, and the Pacific Coast States is not satisfied with what he has; he wants more, and it is into these lands that his annual surplus goes. Eastern farmers are gradually learning that if they wish to exchange their unprofitable old farms for new homesteads in the younger States of the Northwest they must move quickly; and for this reason we may anticipate wonderful activity in immigration circles during the next few years.



In Eastern Washington and Northern Idaho.

The Spokane Chamber of Commerce has taken up the matter aggressively of getting before intending settlers the advantages of Eastern Washington and Northern Idaho. The true nature of this country seems to be little understood by those coming here. Eastern Washington has hundreds of thousands of acres of the finest wheat and fruit lands to be found anywhere in the United States, while Western Washington is essentially a lumbering section, with the finest harbors in the world.

The climate of Eastern Washington and Northern Idaho is very equable, having neither very hot summers nor very cold winters. Here are found large tracts where diversified farming is successfully carried on. The yield of wheat, oats, barley, and flax is very large, ranging from twenty to fifty bushels to the acre of wheat, and other crops in proportion. Most of the wheat land is rolling prairie. The climate and soil are particularly adapted to fruit-raising, and nearly every farm has an orchard which supplies more fruit than is sufficient for home consumption. In 1900 over 1,000 carloads of apples, cherries, peaches, apricots, pears, plums, prunes, grapes, and melons were shipped. The strawberries of this section are already so well known in the East that no comment is necessary. Winter apples are also a large product, shipments having recently been made to Europe.



FREDERIC E. ELMENDORF.

The sugar-beet factory at Waverly, twenty miles from Spokane, last year used 6,000 tons of sugar beets, and one field of 100 acres had the largest yield ever known for the same size tract. The soil in this section produces beets which contain a larger percentage of sugar than those grown in any other State, and this branch of agriculture affords large returns to the farmer.

The country is admirably adapted for dairy farming—the fine springs and streams of soft water, the nutritious grasses, the freedom from excessive heat in summer, and the excellent markets making this a very profitable industry.

To the north and east of the city of Spokane are the mining districts, with timbered hills furnishing excellent range for cattle, and fertile valleys in which timothy hay is raised. The nearness to this section of the mines, where large numbers of men are employed, all of whom are non-producers, affords a reliable and profitable market for every product of the farm. It is almost impossible to realize, without personal investigation, the extent

and value of these markets, which are each year increasing from fifty to one hundred per cent. Spokane is the center of this country. Here are to be found three transcontinental and five local lines of railroad running from the city to the tributary country, giving excellent facilities for marketing the products of the Inland Empire.

Here, also, is to be found water-power equal to that of any city in the Union. Having all of this to attract intending home-seekers, and those who are seeking to better their condition, the Spokane Chamber of Commerce has sent Mr. Frederic E. Elmendorf to St. Paul to give detailed information to those desiring it. Mr. Elmendorf may be found at the Merchants Hotel, where he will be glad to see personally, or to hear from, those interested in the Inland Empire. He is well equipped with interesting Washington and Idaho literature, which will be sent promptly to those who make application for it. This is an opportunity to obtain the most reliable information at first hand.

SEATTLE'S OLDEST INHABITANT.

Many conflicting claims have been set up as to the original settler in Seattle, the *Post-Intelligencer* of that city says, but Melody Choir thinks he has settled the dispute beyond all question by digging up a lot of human bones from a mound directly underneath the stump of a tree six feet in diameter. Twenty years ago Mr. Choir felled the tree, which he says was 300 feet tall. As there was no sale for the magnificent trunk, he occupied nearly a month in boring it, burning it, and getting it out of the way. Recently he has conceived the idea of fitting up the ground, which lies on Madison Street opposite the Jesuit college, as a sort of truck-market where gardeners and farmers may sell direct from their own wagons, and with this end in view he has been clearing up the ground. To get rid of the giant stump was not an easy task, as he had to dig a circular excavation twenty-five feet in diameter and five feet deep.

The tree had grown on a mound, and directly below the stump was the archaeological treasure which Mr. Choir unearthed. It consists of a human skull and bones, together with various implements of the crude stone age, such as arrow-points, small axes, and the like. Along with these was a lot of charcoal, and from the charred condition of the bones it may be inferred that cremation was attempted. Most of the bones have crumbled to pieces, but the skull is fairly well preserved and of unusual thickness. Mr. Choir says that sap-rings proved the tree to be 600 years old.

THE COLOR OF GOLD.

It may be of some interest at the present time, says the Butte (Mont.) *Mining and Market Reporter*, to draw attention to the peculiarity that there is a marked difference between the yellow metal from different countries, when refined. An experienced man can tell at a glance from what part of the world a piece of gold comes, and in some instances from what part of a particular gold district the metal was obtained. The Australian gold, for instance, is redder than the same product from this State, and this difference is always perceptible even when the gold is 1,000 fine. Again, the gold obtained from the placers is yellower than that which is taken directly from the quartz. Why this should be the case is one of the mysteries of metallurgy, for the placer gold always comes from the veins. The Ural gold is the reddest found anywhere. Few people know the real color of gold, as it is seldom seen unless heavily alloyed, which renders it redder than when pure. The purest coins ever made were said to be the \$50 pieces that used to be common in California. This coinage was abandoned for two reasons—first, because the loss by abrasion was so great, and, secondly, because the interior could be bored out and lead substituted, the difference in weight being too small to be readily noticed in so large a piece. These octagonal coins were reported to be the most valuable ever struck.

OF INTEREST TO CREAMERIES AND DAIRYMEN.

A few changes have recently taken place in the Winnipeg branch office of R. A. Lister & Company, Ltd., manufacturers of Alexandra and Melotte cream separators. The Melotte separators are now being sold in Manitoba by the Melotte Cream Separator Company. R. A. Lister & Company, however, still sell their world-famed Alexandra separator themselves, the Winnipeg house being under the management of R. M. Moore. The outlook for the coming season is very bright. Alexandras are becoming more and more popular as they become better known. This is strikingly evidenced by the firm's monthly trade statement. The sale of Alexandras last month nearly doubled the sales of machines sold the same month last year, a very gratifying result when one takes into consideration the poor crop of 1900. It is a good indicator of what business may be done in the immediate future.

While most implement firms are lamenting slow collections, Lister & Company have had fairly good success. Dairy farmers are to a great extent independent of bad seasons; in fact, poor crops serve as a good object lesson, showing how unsafe and uneconomical it is to trust entirely to wheat culture, and farmers are turning their attention more and more to the herd. A greater stimulus, too, is given to this branch of farming by the labor-saving use of the cream separator, which is now so universally in demand.

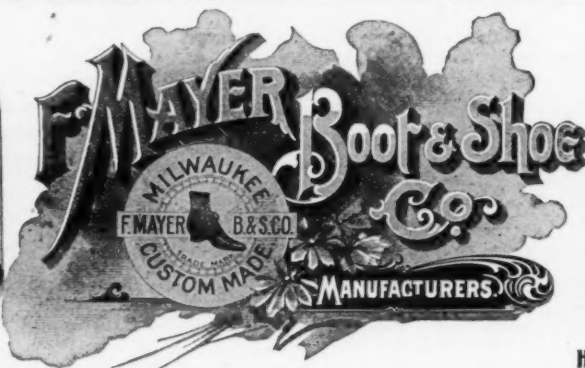
A GREAT DEVICE FOR FARMERS.

A remarkably simple yet effective device for reducing the draft on land plows has been patented, and is now being sold, by George A. Flanders of Chetek, Wis. It is called "Flanders' Light-Running Plow Attachment," and it deserves the name. The device consists of the application of two adjustable rollers in front, and one wide roller in the rear of the plow. The rear roller has an oil reservoir which is so constructed that the oil cannot get out, nor can any dirt get in to wear the bearings. These rollers can be used on any kind of plow, and they not only reduce the draft on a team by forty per cent, by actual test, but they also save a great deal of wear on points and land-sides. According to the testimony of the many farmers who are already using these rollers, two ordinary horses with the attachment can do the work for which three large horses are required when using an ordinary plow without the rollers. It thus saves wear on teams and wear on the man holding the plow, and at the same time saves the labor of one horse. It is merely a question of time when they will be in universal use. Those who are interested should write to Mr. Flanders at Chetek, or to C. L. Tolles of Eau Claire, Wis., for full particulars, terms, testimonials, etc.

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F. MAYER BOOT & SHOE CO., Manufacturers, Milwaukee, Wis.

"THE PREMIER" OF TYPEWRITERS.

When typewriting machines first came into use, their introduction was not received with universal favor. Men hated to lay aside their pens, many of them scouting the idea that a machine could do their work more rapidly and with greater accuracy than themselves. It is different now. Today the typewriter is in evidence everywhere. Business could not be carried on without it. It saves time, labor, and money; it does away with illegible handwriting; it reduces office correspondence to a perfect system; it is, in a word, a blessing to all who use it. The name of these little machines is legion, but a name does not always stand for perfection—unless it happens to be some such name as **Smith Premier**. Place one of these **Smith Premiers** in your office, or in your sanctum, or in your study, and you will wonder why in the world you did not have one before. They are light-running, durable, made in all sizes, and have exclusive improvements which render them pre-eminent among all typewriting machines. We have never been in the company's great factory in Syracuse, N. Y., but its branch offices are established in every important city in the Union, where its splendid product can be seen and tested at all times.

USE OF DIVINING ROD IN MINING.

In British Columbia the metal rod still has its devotees. There is a company operating in the Oganogan, not a hundred miles from Vernon, which last year pinned its faith to the opinions of a woman with a divining-rod. The mine is not yet numbered among the dividend payers.

Not very far from Kaslo the rod has also been brought into use, this time by a United States company. This concern has gone even further, they say. Report has it that the wife of one of the chief men connected with the company dreamed three nights running that rich ore was to be found so many hundred feet down. That point is now the objective point of the company. May its faith be amply rewarded.

HOW TO TRAP WILD ANIMALS.

The Northwestern Hide and Fur Company, of Minneapolis, has a new trap which will double the catch of any trapper, and those who use it, together with their favorite decoy, have great success. A twenty-page book, late price-list, and a folder will be sent to anyone free who mentions this magazine. It is a generous offer, and doubtless scores of interested parties will write the company at once.

D. H. ROSS.

F. C. STODDARD.

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RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts	\$503,098 95
U. S. bonds to secure circulation	37,500 00
Stocks, securities, etc.	127,041 72
Banking House and Fixtures	40,000 00
Real Estate	22,500 00
Treasurer U. S.	1,703 05

CASH RESOURCES.

Due from banks	\$210,887 68	
Cash on hand	108,056 48	318,944 11
		\$1,050,787 83

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock	\$150,000 00
Surplus	50,000 00
Undivided Profits	28,858 19
Circulation	18,850 00
Deposits, Banks	\$ 19,385 52
Deposits, Individuals	785,694 12
	805,079 64
	\$1,050,787 88

A. B. HAMMOND, Pres. A. G. ENGLAND, Vice-Pres. J. M. KEITH, Cashier.
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 TO BE MEMORIZED:
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WISCONSIN.

A large sawmill will soon be among the industries of Beidenville.

Beaver Dam will add to its business enterprises a malleable steel range plant. A stock company, with \$60,000 capital, is back of it.

Barron is to have a flour-mill and a canning factory. The latter will cost \$15,000.

The *Press* figures up a total of half a million dollars expended for improvements at Ashland last year, and says that this is twice as much as during the previous year, and more than was ever expended in any one year.

It is reported that a valuable deposit of excellent building stone has been found by parties prospecting for the Copper Creek Development Company of West Superior.

Great progress is being made in settling and developing the splendid counties in the northern part of the State. Settlers are taking up the rich lands rapidly, and the towns are in a very prosperous condition.

It is said that some of the great copper companies in Michigan are quietly buying up lands along the new copper range in Douglas and Bayfield counties, and that this has started a rush of speculators. Applications by mail are pouring in, and the register of the land office in Ashland is being bombarded with telegrams and long-distance telephone messages. There now seems to be no doubt that valuable copper deposits exist in Douglas County, not far from Superior. Considerable development work has been going on for two years past, but it was not until recently that the region began to receive the very serious attention of capitalists and investors.

MINNESOTA.

A \$30,000 schoolhouse is projected for Blue Earth.

The improvements at Benson last year amounted to \$102,000.

Rochester is to have a new opera-house to seat 1,000 persons, and to cost \$25,000.

The little town of Fulda indulged in \$30,000 worth of new buildings last year, according to the *Press*.

The *Albert Lea Standard* says there was over a quarter of a million of dollars expended on improvements in that place last year.

Over 8,000 carloads of stone were shipped from the Widell quarry near Mankato during the year 1900, and the pay-roll amounted to \$387,000. The contracts, it is understood, amounted to \$350,000. This is a good showing.

Duluth's new match company will employ about 300 hands, and the factory will have a capacity of

1,000 cases of matches daily. The machinery is now being manufactured in Grand Rapids, Mich. Very large industrial enterprises are gradually centering at the head of the great lakes.

Five thousand pounds of leaf tobacco have been shipped from Pine City. The tobacco was raised by T. E. Ryan, a farmer near that town. He received ten cents a pound, or \$125 per acre for the four acres he thus planted. He expects to put in a larger acreage the coming season. There is no reason why tobacco cannot be grown in Minnesota as well as in Wisconsin.

Realty interests are growing more active daily. There is a firm demand for town and country holdings at rising values. Building is rife, and incoming new settlers are creating lively markets for farm lands. It is hardly probable that choice farm property will ever again be held at so low prices. The growth of population and the demand for lands will necessarily cause prices to advance.

During 1900 there were hauled into the St. Paul union depot a total of 117,457 passenger cars, and hauled out 116,843, a total of 234,300, showing an increase of 14,174. The average cars out per day was 778. There was a total of 51,101 tons of mail handled during the year, equal to the displacement of five big battleships. The average tons handled daily numbered 140. The total salaries paid in the baggage and mail departments aggregated \$30,881. The Milwaukee handled more baggage than any other road, leading with 156,327 pieces.

IOWA.

A Fort Dodge doctor is going to build a first-class sanitarium and hospital in that city.

Eagle Grove has planned for a new \$25,000 schoolhouse and a \$10,000 parochial school.

Guthrie Center farmers are advocating the building of a telephone line from Guthrie Center to Panora. They want it as a market convenience.

Sioux City wants better theater facilities, and local parties have raised funds for a new playhouse to cost \$75,000 to \$100,000. What Sioux City wants it generally gets.

For several years past a man named Terhufen, living in Klemme, has been pumping mineral from his well which a local jeweler pronounced to be gold. Specimens have been sent to an assayer. Many are already convinced that there is a large amount of gold in the vicinity of Klemme, and land has greatly increased in price.

The town of Moorhead, in Monona County, has just completed a new brick building, at a cost of several thousand dollars, which is called a "township high school." It is one of several similar institutions in the State. All the scholars in Spring Valley township will attend school in Moorhead, and the county schools in that township will be abolished.

It has been discovered that an Ohio oil company, working very secretly, is securing leases

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upon thousands of acres of land from Sioux City southeast, for the purpose of sinking oil-wells, petroleum having been discovered on the surface in quantities. The name of the company is withheld, but it is learned that it has large financial backing, and has an oil-field in Ohio which has made it wealthy.

NORTH DAKOTA.

The manufacture of cement brick will be among the future industries of Milton.

Sixty acres of corn near Fargo averaged eighty and three-quarter bushels an acre.

Courtenay expects a building boom this spring. Brick blocks, a mill, an elevator and lots of houses will be built.

Casselton's new opera-house has been formally opened. It has a good stage, fine scenery and other properties, and can seat 600 persons.

A Fargo man, so it is reported, offers to establish a \$600,000 sugar-beet plant at Kenmore if 6,000 acres of the roots can be contracted for. There ought to be no difficulty in meeting his terms.

It is said that a large colony of Norwegians will arrive in the Red River Valley from Norway this spring. Some 16,000 acres were recently bought near Arvilla. The colony will comprise 500 heads of families, and some \$6,000,000, it is claimed, is to be invested in the enterprise. Nearly all the land in question is uncultivated, so that it will be adding very materially to North Dakota's agricultural resources.

It is said that fully 100,000 acres of virgin land will make the acquaintance of the plow in the Red River Valley this spring. Much of this land was purchased years ago by speculators, and has but lately been placed on the market. It has been purchased by small farmers, and will this year be included in the ranks of producing areas. The immigration into the Red River Valley has not been affected by the drouth of last season, the memory of which will be practically forgotten with the advent of a new crop.

SOUTH DAKOTA.

The governor has signed the bill creating a law school at Vermillion.

Bridgewater will soon have a fine opera-house to give its entertainments in. Brookings is preparing to build an opera-house and hotel combined, at a cost of \$30,000.

The appropriation proposed for the university in South Dakota is said to be \$50,000, and for the agricultural college \$95,000. The legislators seem to hold that the schools for the farmers are of the most importance in an agricultural State.

The mayor and city council of Sioux Falls have been advised that Andrew Carnegie would donate \$25,000 for the construction of a public library upon condition that the city contribute \$2,500 annually to maintain the same. The generous offer will be accepted.

When the projected Cataract Hotel is completed Sioux Falls will have one of the finest hostleries in the West. The structure will be of brick, 112x150 feet in size, have tiled floors, be hardwood finished throughout, be heated by steam, wired for light and bells, have electric passenger and freight elevators, and contain 125 rooms.

Brookings has secured the two notable buildings erected within the State during the year, both from the standpoint of expense and architectural effect. These are a public school building, costing \$40,000, and a Presbyterian church, at an expense of \$20,000. Each is a model for the purpose intended, and is especially effective in design, appealing to the aesthetic sense as only good architecture can.

The Homestake Mining Company of Lead is commencing to extend its operations northward

toward the Blacktail mining district. For several years past practically all the mining of ore has been confined to the Lead side of the hill. At the Ruth mill, nearly a mile north of the principal Homestake workings, the ore is found in large bodies, and it is generally held that the mineralized belt, which has produced the many millions for the Homestake Company at Lead, extends at least five miles northward, which would take it through the west end of the Blacktail District. The Homestake Company is repairing old mills and making preparations to build another large cyanide plant a mile north of Lead.

MONTANA.

Marcus Daly's thoroughbred horses, which were taken to New York and sold, brought the sum of \$403,000. There were 190 of them sold. The best horse—Hamburg—sold for \$60,000.

The latest in railway news is a projected electric line from White Sulphur Springs to Great Falls. The road would be about 100 miles long, would run through a good country, and water-power for electricity may be had anywhere along the line.

In 1900 Montana produced 255,000,000 pounds of copper, valued at \$41,246,250; 16,750,000 ounces of silver, worth \$21,607,500; 248,000 ounces of gold, valued at \$4,960,000, and 20,000,000 pounds of lead worth \$909,410, the grand total having been \$68,723,160.

During the past twenty years the mines of Silver Bow County, of which Butte is the central figure, produced in gold, silver and copper the sum of \$544,102,164. This enormous sum was practically taken from an area hardly exceeding two square miles in extent.

Small farmers in large numbers have for the past year been taking up land in the fertile Shields River and Yellowstone valleys of Montana, and as a direct result much wheat, rye, oats and barley have been raised and brought to market. This has resulted in the establishment at Livingston of a modern roller-mill, operated entirely by electricity. These farmers hail mostly from the Middle West, where electricity on or near their farms is unknown, but they are gradually becoming accustomed to it.

The new oil-fields which lie north of Kalispell, in the county of Flathead, have been attracting a great deal of attention for the past two months, and at the present time the interest in the county has taken the form of an old-time stampede, and the lands are being filed on rapidly. The value of the fields was in a manner tested a short time ago by a company of Butte capitalists, and the results that have leaked out seem to have been that the tests were satisfactory. Speaking of the lands that the Butte company have filed upon, the Kalispell Bee says: "There cannot be a question as to the value of the land, not only from the indication of large bodies of oil, but from the fact that the Canadian coal district has been traced to within a very few miles of the Montana and Flathead boundary line, and from statements made by surveyors and mining experts who have recently been in the district that the same veins of coal have been traced along the North Fork of Flathead River southeast through this county. The fact that the gentlemen who are named as locators of all the claims filed have had experts in the district since early last spring, and have expended the sums that they have, is a guarantee that the country is rich in coal and oil. It is known that they have ordered oil rigs with which to commence work as soon as the necessary machinery can be transported into the country, and that they have cut a good trail, as well as run the surveys for a pipe-line, which will reach the railroad between Belton and Columbia Falls. The prospect of the country named herein for rich deposits of oil and coal in the near future seems decidedly promising."

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Intending settlers coming to Manitoba in spring of 1901 will find the following improved farms well worth inspecting:

240 acres, 10 miles from Winnipeg, all wire fenced, 160 cultivated; frame house, 5 rooms; granary with upstairs; milk house with well of excellent water; stabling for 10 horses and 25 head of cattle, implement house, etc. Nice shade trees, good roads to city; school 1 mile. Only \$12.50 per acre, \$1,200 cash.

480 acres clear prairie, 160 wire fenced, 100 cropped; good frame house, stone foundation; log outbuildings for 50 head; granary and two wells of pure water; all for \$4,500—\$1,000 cash, interest 6 per cent. 30 miles from Winnipeg, 8 from railway station. Excellent neighborhood. Fuel 6 miles away, for the cutting.

478 acres, 30 miles from Winnipeg, 3 1/2 from railway. School, church, store and blacksmith shop on farm. Good frame house and excellent frame outbuildings; two wells of A 1 water, wind mill connecting one; also chopper and wood saw. Plenty of fuel within 8 miles. \$10 per acre. Very easy terms.

160 acres, 17 miles from Winnipeg, 3 1/2 from station. Good log house and outbuildings, excellent water, 30 acres cropped, 20 acre bush lot with it, all for \$1,000. Easy terms.

2,100 acres, 12 miles from Winnipeg, 3 from station, 960 cultivated and fenced, 250 newly broken and backset. 1800 of it high, dry, arable land; balance hay. Spring creek crosses it. Large frame house, frame stabling for 80 head, granary for 12,000 bushels. \$12 per acre and easy terms for quick sale.

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IDAHO.

The great Hunter mine in the Coeur d'Alenes, near Wallace, has resumed operations.

It is announced that shipments of crude ore and concentrates from the Coeur d'Alenes last year aggregated 175,000 tons.

Rich ledges of gold are reported to have been discovered about two and a half miles south of Grangeville, in the Buffalo Hump Country.

The gavel used by the Idaho Legislature are made of wood brought from the Philippines. The one used in the house is made of cocoa and mahogany, and the one in the senate is made of ebony.

A party has been organized in Kendrick to examine more closely the oil and coal indications that are said to exist three miles east of there along Pine Creek. Ever since the discoveries in the Palouse Country, local prospectors have been anxious to prospect in the vicinity named.

The Northern Pacific Railway Company, it is stated by an Idaho paper, has filed an amended map of the definite location of an extension of eighteen miles of the Clearwater Short Line from its present terminus at Stites. The new location is up Three-Mile Creek, and carries the road to a point between Grangeville and Mount Idaho. The former location up Cottonwood Gulch has been relinquished.

The first carload of copper ore shipped from the Coeur d'Alene Country was made recently. The shipment comes from a region where it has been popularly supposed that the mineral values would all be in lead and silver, it being on a line east from the Morning, Hunter and other silver-lead mines of Mullan. Unlike most copper ores, it carries no values in gold, the smelter returns indicating but a trace of that metal.

According to the Wallace (Id.) *Journal*, the mineral product of the twelve big producing mines in the Coeur d'Alene District for 1900 amounted to \$11,500,000. As the State's total output of metals is put down at \$14,250,000, it is plain that the Coeur d'Alene mines contributed four-fifths of it. In the mines of the several divisions of the Coeur d'Alene District are employed 2,315 men. The daily earnings of these men amounts to \$8,102, the monthly pay roll to \$243,060, and the annual amount paid for wages to \$2,916,720.

OREGON.

Oregon's hop outlook for 1901 is reported first-class. Hop growers are much encouraged by the results of their experience last year.

Morrow County, with its immense sheep and wool interests, is one of the most prosperous counties in the State. There is never lack of money there, and it is quite an unusual thing to hear talk of hard times.

A Dallas paper estimates that 100 people have arrived there from Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan within the past two months. Houses are so scarce that two families often occupy one small dwelling. No dwellings are for rent.

In common with all the Northwestern States, Oregon expects a large influx of new settlers during the present year. There is little doubt that these expectations will be more than realized, the tide of immigration having already set in strong.

Here are a few condensed facts about Oregon that will be good to hang up for future reference: The state's population is 413,536, and its school population 133,181. Portland, the largest city, has a population of 90,426, national bank deposits amounting to \$5,474,599 on Sept. 5, 1900, and its jobbing trade in 1900 aggregated \$110,000,000. So says the Portland *Oregonian*.

The little town of Hardman has a remarkable youth, in little Walter Burgess, says the *Heppner Times*. He is nine years of age, and has made a

threshing-machine that will thresh three or four heads of wheat as perfectly as any threshing machine; an engine with perfect action, and a wind-mill pump and tower six feet high that would do credit to any mechanic.

The Athena Electric Light & Power Company has completed the third and last survey for its proposed plant on the headwaters of the Walla Walla River. It is intended to furnish power by cables to industries in Pendleton, Walla Walla, Athena, Weston, and Milton. The company will sell power to factories, mills and industrial plants already established. Four thousand horse-power can be generated, and the cost of the plant complete is to be \$300,000.

The *Oregon Mining Journal* says that the records of the mining locations in Josephine County show that the total number of claims of all kinds, both placer and quartz, now number 12,026. None of these represents less than twenty acres of mining ground, which means a total area of 240,720 acres. The revenue to the county for recording has been \$12,036. The first location was in 1850, and the average each year has been about 250 locations; but last year the number reached nearly 600.

WASHINGTON.

Announcement is made that work on the construction of the Seattle-Tacoma electric line has been begun, and that within the required time the whole road will be completed.

Seattle starts off on the new century with a rush in the matter of building activity. Permits were taken out in January for buildings estimated to cost \$285,385, 322 being issued. They were mostly for dwellings.

The Waverly beet-sugar factory confidently expects to manufacture about 1,000 tons of sugar the coming season, 2,500 tons in 1902, and 3,500 tons in 1903. The present capacity of the plant is 350 tons of beets daily, but this can be easily expanded to 400 tons. During 1900 the beets averaged about 14 per cent sugar.

Last year the state produced 25,000,000 bushels of wheat, worth \$12,000,000; other grains worth \$2,500,000; hay, worth \$6,500,000; fruit, worth \$4,000,000; 35,000 bales of hops, valued at \$1,000,000; butter and cheese, worth \$2,500,000; and a fisheries output worth \$5,500,000. The coal product was worth \$6,000,000, and the lumber and shingle cut, \$16,500,000.

Several cars of flag-poles have been shipped recently from Winlock to Buffalo for use at the Pan-American Exposition. Orders for this class of stuff are becoming more numerous in the Puget Sound District, and it would seem that Washington is about the only State in the Union that is now able to furnish long timber.

Much excitement has existed in certain Washington circles recently over the discovery of oil indications in Whitman and Spokane counties. A large area of land has already been leased by oil prospectors, and active development work is going forward. It is yet too early to express opinions respecting the outcome, but it is hoped that Washington will become a second Pennsylvania.

The *Montesano Vidette* says that prospects were never brighter for Montesano than they are today. "With the growth of the logging industry in this vicinity the town is bound to grow. Farming lands, too, are in active demand, and numerous sales of the latter class of real estate are now being made. Montesano is being built on a solid foundation that will endure."

The New Whatcom Commercial Club has compiled figures showing the volume of commerce of Whatcom and Fairhaven during 1900. The report shows 175,133 tons handled by New Whatcom, valued at \$5,896,850, including 22,050,000 feet of logs, \$1,100,000; lumber and shingles, \$1,090,450; general shipping, \$1,696,000; merchandise, \$2,000,000; feed and hay, \$100,400. Fairhaven is credited with a commerce of \$7,899 tons, valued at \$7,124,550, in-

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cluding salmon, \$1,610,000; general merchandise, \$2,785,000; lumber and shingles, \$1,543,550; logs, \$1,150,000; tin, \$36,000. Vessels in 1900 arriving and departing—Foreign, arriving, 42; departures, 139; tonnage, 160,067; local and tonnage plying between ports and coastwise, 2,296; departures, 2,296; tonnage, 39,335 daily.



ONTARIO.

A big pulp-mill is in prospect for Fort William.

A 1,500,000-bushel elevator is to be erected at Port Arthur by the Canadian Northern Railway. It will cost \$350,000.

During the season of 1900 the Portage la Prairie creamery turned out 105,000 pounds of butter, all of which was marketed in the mining centers of British Columbia.

Construction work on the Rainy River branch of the Canadian Northern Railway is progressing without interruption. It is estimated that about 150 miles more will see the line graded to Lake Superior.

The Ontario government has decided to have a forestry exhibit at the forthcoming Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo. Special attention will be given to spruce suitable for pulp-wood, and to hardwood for the manufacture of furniture.

The Ontario fishery department is considering a scheme to restock the lakes in the interior of the Province with game fish. Under the old law the netting of game fish is permitted, and the stock of game fish in many localities has been pretty well depleted.

From reports received it is estimated that the cut of pine logs in Ontario last winter will amount to 750,000,000 feet, board measure. This is one hundred millions more than a year ago, which was slightly less than 650,000,000 feet. At present there are about 17,000 men employed in the various lumber camps, housed in 300 shanties, and getting wages averaging \$27 per month and board. This wage rate is higher than it ever was before. The active demand for lumber both in Canada and the United States is largely the cause of the increased cut.

The Ontario government has announced the creation of a forest reserve in the vicinity of Lake Temagami. The reserve embraces about 2,000 square miles of territory, equal to 1,400,000 acres, surrounding Lakes Temagami and Lady Evelyn. The location of these lakes is to the west of the Upper Ottawa River, in the district of Nipissing. It is proposed by this reservation to preserve the headwaters of the chief rivers in the Nipissing District; the timber on these lands will also be preserved intact, and the native game that there abides will have a safe resting-place.

MANITOBA.

Western Manitoba's big fair will be held at Brandon July 23 to July 26.

Ritchy's new sawmills, on the Ochre River, six miles from Makinak, are now completed.

Efforts are being made to secure the erection of a fifty-barrel flour-mill at Bird's Hill.

The mill of the Manitoba Union Mining Company at Arnold will start operations shortly in the manufacture of cement.

The contract for the new C. P. R. bridge over the Red River at Winnipeg has been awarded. It will cost about \$150,000. Its total length will be 772 feet, with four spans of 120 feet each. The

swing span will have two clear openings of 114 feet each.

A deposit of cement near Morden has been found to be of excellent quality. A strong company of Winnipeg capitalists has been formed to work it, and operations will be commenced in the spring. A railroad will be built from Morden to the site of the mine.

Henderson's directory of Winnipeg, which has just been issued, gives the city an estimated population of 52,443, an increase of 3,000 over last year. The assessable value of the rateable property is figured out as \$25,077,746, nearly \$2,000,000 more than a year ago. The school population is 7,600.

Very few have an idea of the amount of fish that are being exported from Manitoba to the United States annually, says the Pembina (N. D.) Express. For the three months ending Dec. 31, 1900, there were imported 1,915,742 pounds, and the duty collected for the same was \$4,780.62. Nearly all this product was caught in Lake Winnipeg.

The Foxwarren creamery reports a very favorable season last year. It opened on May 7 and closed on Oct. 24. The total make amounted to 33,400 pounds, all of which was sold direct in British Columbia markets and was shipped each week as manufactured. The average price paid the patrons for cream was fourteen cents per pound for the season. The cost of making was five cents per pound, which included replacing of broken and worn out machinery, insurance, etc.

ASSINIBOIA.

The enterprising business men of Moose Jaw have reorganized the local board of trade, elected officers, and now propose to do some good work for the best interests of the town. When the members of a board of trade pull together they can accomplish a great deal.

There is little doubt that Assiniboia's population will be largely increased within the next three years. Its resources are becoming better known, better methods of advertising are being adopted, and, best of all, it offers excellent inducements to industrious settlers.

The little town of Arcola, at the end of the Pipestone branch, has been booming since the middle of October. A number of new buildings have been erected since then, among them two dry-goods stores, two blacksmith shops, a hardware store, harness shop, jewelry store, butcher-shop, carriage shop, two flour and feed-stores, furniture store, three boarding-houses, three implement houses and a livery and feed-stable.

ALBERTA.

A Canadian exchange says that the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Company is to have a rival for the business of Northwest Canada and the United States in a newly organized American syndicate which has recently purchased vast coal-fields in the vicinity of Pincher Creek, Alberta, located only thirty miles from the northern boundary of the Crow's Nest Pass fields. The new company is composed of capitalists of St. Paul and Butte, and two of Winnipeg. Already they have begun the development of the new fields, and within a few months, it is said, they will have their product on the market. According to W. K. Windsor, of Lethbridge, who is a large mine operator in the Rossland and other British Columbia sections, it is the intention of the Pincher Creek Company to build a line of road from the mines to the Canadian Pacific Railroad at Lethbridge. Then, over the main line of the Canadian Pacific, it will enter the Northwestern Canada coal trade. At Lethbridge it also strikes the Great Falls & Canada road, running for a distance of two hundred miles to Great Falls, Mont. Over this line it is the intention to enter the trade of the Northwestern States, and wherever there may be a market for their product. The grade of the coal, it is said, is identical with that from the Crow's Nest Pass, on

MANITOBA LANDS

Selected lands in every district in Manitoba.

ALSO CITY PROPERTY. For sale by

AIKINS & PEPLER,

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Office 223-224 Mohawk Bldg., Spokane, Wash.

STOCK IS NON-ASSESSABLE.

The first well is being put down with proceeds from sale of promoters' stock at

☐ 1½c per share.

The company has secured a large block of land at and near Rosalia, where the surface indications are the strongest in the Washington oil belt. The Northern Pacific Railway line runs through our properties. Machinery can be unloaded right on the ground, and the products can be loaded right on the cars at the wells, a great saving and advantage over other companies attempting to operate lands 10 to 15 miles off the railroad. The company is under the guidance of practical oil men from the east, and experienced operators with the latest standard machinery from the oil fields of Ohio are being engaged to put down our wells.

Every purchaser of promoters' stock in this company gets in on the ground floor. No treasury stock will be sold till the promoters' stock is disposed of. This is your opportunity to get oil stock that is worth the money you pay. There is but a limited amount left at 1½ cents while it lasts.

JUDGE WALLACE MOUNT, President.

RUFUS MERRIAM, Vice-President.

C. J. JOHNSON, Secretary.

Write for further information or prospectus to

NORTHWESTERN GAS & OIL CO.,

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15 YEARS' EXPERIENCE.

REFERENCES: ANY OF THE LOCAL BANKS.

A 10-ACRE PEACH LOT in the dry belt of British Columbia is a good buy. The Okanagan Valley is "the Italy of Canada," where the ill get well and the old renew their youth.

Plenty of water for irrigating. Write

J. M. ROBINSON,

Peachland, B. C.

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Hardwood Timber and Brush Land in the State of Wisconsin can be found in Barron County in large or small tracts. Write for prices. Stock farms a Specialty.

E. KNUDSON, Rice Lake, Wis.

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a first-class producer, and open to expert inspection; adjoins one of the best properties in this District. Ninety-nine year lease, or both lease and fee, for sale by S. CONDAY, 507 Scandinavian Amr. Bank, ST. PAUL, MINN.

A Mountain of Gold. We own Silver Peak Mountain, near Weatherby, Oregon. Rich free-milling ore in unlimited quantities. We are placing a block of stock at a low figure to construct a stamp mill and tunnel the mountain. Write us for prices and particulars. INTER STATE GOLD MINING CO., Dept. A., Boston Block, Minneapolis, Minn.

DR. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER.

the south side, and on the north is a continuation of the famous Galt belt. Thus, it is said, the company will have two grades of the best coal that is to be found anywhere in the West.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

An effort will be made to secure the building of a branch of the Government telegraph line from Telegraph Creek down to the south of the Skeena River, a distance of 180 miles.

British Columbia canners are looking forward and preparing for a busy season, and it is expected that the number of canneries on the Fraser River will be increased by two or more.

Eastern capitalists are proceeding with arrangements for the establishment of the proposed pulp-mill in British Columbia. The mill will be tributary to Vancouver, the site chosen being but a few miles from that city.

During the year 1900, British Columbia produced more mineral wealth than any State in the Union west of the Mississippi River, except Colorado, Montana and California. Yet there are people who still believe there is no mineral north of the international boundary line, says the *Nelson Tribune*.

Sir Henry Joly de Lotbiniere, lieutenant-governor of British Columbia, has procured and sown in Victoria seeds of hardwood trees not native to the Province, such as butternut, black-walnut, white and green ash, red oak, etc. He states that in British Columbia they are well supplied with soft wood trees, but need the hardwood species.

It is rumored that Senator W. A. Clark of Montana has purchased the Britannia mine on How's Sound. The terms of the sale are \$10,000 cash and the balance, something near a million dollars, within one year from date. The news is unconfirmed in Butte, although it is known that for several weeks past Mr. Clark's experts have examined the property.

The *Vernon News* says that the B. C. mine in Summit Camp was sold recently for \$300,000. This is one of the biggest deals in the history of the Boundary District. The property has already shipped about 50,000 tons of ore to the Trail smelter, with values running in the vicinity of \$16. The syndicate that has purchased the mine is headed by E. D. Nelson, president of the First National Bank, of Ironwood, Michigan.

The purchase of the Greenwood-Phoenix Tramway Company and the Greenwood Electric Light Company by a syndicate of capitalists that will probably spend \$1,000,000 this year in building the electric line, is evidence of the increasing confidence of monied men in the Boundary, states the *Phoenix* (B. C.) *Pioneer*. The tramway will be of great benefit to Phoenix in many ways, and it cannot fail to help Greenwood also to some extent.

A dispatch from Grand Forks states that the largest body of timber in that section, and probably one of the most important in British Columbia, occupies the valley of the North Fork of Kettle River, north of that city. Commencing at Cedar Creek is a cedar belt which extends for a distance of over fifty miles north in an almost unbroken body. The cedar is interspersed with merchantable tamarack and pine, and at the mouth of Franklin Creek the white pine commences. This is of the same variety as the Michigan pine, and is abundant in the river valley for fifteen miles above the mouth of Franklin Creek.

JOAN OF ARC.

It is quite evident that some of the people near the city do not attend church regularly, says the *Walla Walla* (Wash.) *Statesman*. At an examination in a school not many miles away, a few days ago, the teacher asked a boy to write all he knew about Joan of Arc. He wrote as follows: "Joan of Ark was out in a ship when he was thrown overboard, and before he was drowned a shark swallowed him, and one day the shark swum away and came into land and shaked Joan of Ark up, and he was not the worse after it."

PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION.

Nothing since the World's Fair at Chicago in 1893 has elicited the wide-spread interest that is manifested all over the world in the Pan-American Exposition which is to be held in Buffalo from May 1 to November 1, 1901.

The purpose of the Exposition is to illustrate the progress of the countries of the Western Hemisphere during a century of wonderful achievements, and to bring together into closer relationship the people composing the many States, Territories, and Countries of the three Americas. Acting under proper authority, the President of the United States has invited all the Republics and colonies of the American Hemisphere to join in commemorating the close of the nineteenth century and beginning of the twentieth century, by holding this International Exposition on the Niagara Frontier.

For this important event, the Nickel Plate Road has issued an attractive descriptive folder pamphlet, elaborately illustrating the Pan-American Exposition, the buildings, and grounds.

The Nickel Plate Road is the short line between Chicago and Buffalo, and affords competent train service from Chicago to Buffalo, New York City, Boston, and all points east, with trains of modern equipment, on which no extra fares are charged; also dining-car service of the highest order. It affords meals in its dining-cars on the individual club plan, ranging in price from 35c. to \$1.00.

Call on any ticket agent for Pan-American folder of the Nickel Plate Road, or address John Y. Calahan, general agent, 111 Adams Street, Chicago.

Parties desiring hotel or rooming accommodations at Buffalo or Niagara Falls, during any period of the Pan-American Exposition, are invited to apply by letter or otherwise to F. J. Moore, general agent, No. 291 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

THROUGH SLEEPING-CAR SERVICE TO KANSAS CITY VIA "THE MILWAUKEE."

A standard first-class sleeper for Kansas City, via C., M. & St. P. Ry.'s popular Hedrick Route, leaves Minneapolis 7:50 A. M., St. Paul 8:00 A. M. daily, and arrives at Kansas City at 7:00 o'clock next morning.

The "Hedrick" is the most direct and comfortable route from the Twin Cities to Kansas City, the South, Southwest, and California.

For full information regarding lowest rates, apply to C., M. & St. P. Ry ticket agents, or address J. T. Conley, asst. gen. pass. agent, St. Paul, Minn.

THIS IS TOO MUCH.

Lee Warren, who rolls pills into a symmetrical shape for a large and growing constituency, recently lost a valuable sixteen-candle-power diamond stallion. He did not notice his loss until he got up next morning and went to put on his shirt?—he is from the East, and does not wear his shirt to bed with him. He then noticed that the shirt was not as heavy as usual, and further investigation confronted him with the horrible truth. He searched the streets in vain.

That night, while blacking his shoes with a liquid dope, the *Bozeman* (Mont.) *Chronicle* says, he turned down his pants, and out rolled the diamond. He says that one leg dragged and seemed more elongated than it really ought to be, during the day, but this was so common that he thought nothing of it.

But what we started out to say was this: We are not opposed to people wearing diamonds out here in this Western country, although we have scrupulously avoided doing so ourself, and from appearances shall remain steadfast in our course until the bitter end. But what we do object to is the application of blacking to one's boots. Are the habits of the effete East crowding and fastening their occupiedial tenacles upon us? The first thing we know, some dude will come out here in a palace car and actually call for wood tooth-picks after a meal. Then shall we take this plant and hie ourself to some point farther West, and leave the effeminate inhabitants of Sour Dough Creek without a mouthpiece or an organ, which is still to be had, however, every day in the week, Sunday included, for only \$2.50 per year.

Rochester Made-at-the-Mill CASSIMERE PANTS.

Heretofore, clothing in its course from raw material to wearer has had to pass through a number of hands, namely: mill, factory, middleman, and retailer. Of course, that meant several profits while it was en route.

Most clothing is still made and marketed in this roundabout, expensive manner.

We are doing things in a simpler, more direct way.

WE SAVE YOU ALL JOBBER'S PROFITS.

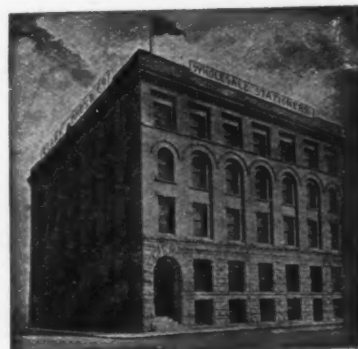
The product of our Woolen Mill is made into Men's Pants in our own Clothing Factory, and sold DIRECT to the retailer, so that there is only one profit between you and the maker. This plan saves you money—this you can readily see.

This plan makes it possible for you to buy high-grade, all-wool, cassimere, chevot and tweed Pants for \$2.50, \$3.00 and \$3.50.

Our Pants are being introduced everywhere as rapidly as possible. If YOUR dealer does not keep them, kindly write us; it will help us, help him, help you.

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are now visiting the trade with a full line of General Stationery. We solicit your orders for Blank Books, School Supplies, Printing, Wrapping and Wall Papers, Twine, Paper Bags, Pipes, Mouth Organs and General Sundries.

Clark Bros. & Co.,

WINNIPEG, MAN.

A PATENT POST-HOLE

An individual with the accent of a Kentucky colonel, the swagger of an aristocrat, and a goatee as if it had been planted one bristle at a time with a pegging awl, wearing an overcoat, an old, slouch black hat, and a dignified air, entered the office of W. T. Robertson, ticket agent for the Burlington, recently, swears the funny man of the Deadwood (S. D.) *Pioneer-Times*.

"Is this Mr. Robertson?" he asked. He was answered in the affirmative.

"Well, is the proprietor of this road in?"

He was told that the proprietor lived at Lincoln.

"Don't you think it would be as well for me to do business with you?"

Mr. Robertson told him he could not do any business for the proprietor, except so far as he had been previously authorized. Then the stranger said that he had a great invention, and was anxious to see the proprietor in hopes that he might do something with it. "It is," he said, "a patent post-hole, which I will guarantee to produce sixty bushels to the acre." Then he proceeded to explain the contrivance, at the request of Mr. Robertson, telling how it should be prepared, what part of the moon to plant it in, and how to keep it clear from chintz-bugs. He knew it was a money maker, and it had saved his life once by keeping him out of politics. He said he had met with a tremendous demand for the article, and had been offered contracts to plant whole acres of them in Texas and in the Philippines.

Mr. Robertson advised the man to sell the City of Deadwood enough of the post-holes to make a good-sized artesian well, and said that that was all he could do for him.

CANNOT BE FORGIVEN.

An inhuman fiend, purporting to be the representative of a wholesale liquor house, came through here about four weeks ago taking orders for "holiday goods," avers the Hope (N. D.) *Pioneer*. This perambulating fraud offered to land good whisky here at \$1.50 per gallon, just for the sake of introducing his house into this neighborhood and getting a foothold here. Several of our trusting friends coughed up \$1.50 apiece, and then waited patiently for the whisky that never came.

It is safe to say that this man has caused more heartfelt anguish and bitter disappointment in this section than the late war. A man may come to your place and burn your buildings, kill off your family, and drive away your stock, and all might be forgiven if he were gentlemanly enough to come back and apologize for it; but when a person comes to you and wins your trusting love and goes away with your entire confidence and \$1.50 in change, and leaves you with your mouth watering for three long weeks, only to terminate in the startling knowledge that the fiend had been here for revenue only and had not sent the whisky at all—when a man does this, it leaves a wound in the heart and a canker in the soul that no balm can heal or time efface. This is why the holidays were so dry and arid here this year.

HOMESEEKERS' EXCURSION TICKETS

To nearly all points in the United States, on sale at all ticket offices of the Chicago Great Western Railway on the first and third Tuesdays of each month, January to June, 1901, at the very low homeseekers' rate of one fare plus \$2.00 for the round trip. Tickets good for return within 31 days from date of sale. Persons contemplating a trip will save money by calling on any Great Western Agent and obtaining detailed information regarding the homeseekers' rates, or by addressing J. P. Elmer, G. A. P. D., cor. 5th and Robert Sts., St. Paul, Minn.

CAREER AND CHARACTER OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

An address by Joseph Choate, ambassador to Great Britain, on the career and character of Abraham Lincoln—his early life—his early struggles with the world—his character as developed in the later years of his life, and his administration, which placed his name so high on the world's roll of honor and fame, has been published by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, and may be had by sending six (6) cents in postage to F. A. Miller, Gen. Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

THROUGH TOURIST SLEEPING-CAR SERVICE TO TEXAS, OLD MEXICO AND CALIFORNIA.

Via Chicago Great Western Railway to Kansas City, and Missouri, Kansas & Texas, San Antonio & Arkansas Pass and Southern Pacific Railways through Dallas, San Antonio, El Paso and Los Angeles to San Francisco. Only through car line from the Northwest to Texas points and connecting at Spofford Junction for all points in Old Mexico. These cars are in charge of an experienced official and leave St. Paul every Friday at 11:20 p. m., reaching Dallas the following Sunday, San Antonio on Monday, El Paso on Tuesday, Los Angeles at noon Wednesday, and San Francisco early Thursday morning. These are Pullman tourist cars similar to those run on all transcontinental lines, and the charges for berths are about half those regularly charged. To persons who have made the trip to California via other routes, this Southern route will prove a most delightful change, and to persons contemplating a trip to Texas or Mexican points, it furnishes facilities heretofore unoffered. Full information furnished by J. P. ELMER, G. A. P. D., Cor. 5th & Robert Sts., St. Paul.

HUNTERS HOT SPRINGS.

On the Northern Pacific Railway in Montana, have a national reputation for curing blood diseases. They are situated in a beautiful part of the Yellowstone Valley near the Yellowstone River, at the base of the Crazy Mountains, and are not far from Yellowstone Park. Their elevation above sea level is about 4,200 feet. They are less than 150 miles from Helena, the capital of Montana, and Butte and Anaconda, the great mining and smelting cities of the Northwest. Aside from the fine air and climate, the springs, which have a temperature of from 148 degrees to 168 degrees Fahr., are unsurpassed in curing rheumatic, dropsical, neuralgic, and all blood complaints. There are new buildings and bath-houses, a plunge bath, etc. Rates are \$2.50 per day, or \$15 per week, with special rates for a lengthened stay. Good fishing and hunting all around there.

Combine vacation with recuperation, and spend a week or two there. Special excursion rate in effect.

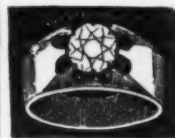
Address Chas. S. Fee, G. P. A., Northern Pacific Ry., St. Paul, Minn., or call on F. H. Fogarty, No. 208 So. Clark St., Chicago, Ill., General Agent Northern Pacific Railway.

PERSONALLY CONDUCTED TOURS TO CALIFORNIA IN PULLMAN TOURIST SLEEPING-CARS.

Via Chicago Great Western Railway to Kansas City, and Santa Fe Route to Los Angeles and Southern California. Only line having new Pullman tourist sleepers, equipped with wide vestibules, steam heat and gas-light. One of these new sleepers leaves St. Paul at 8:10 a. m. every Monday, via Chicago Great Western for Los Angeles and Southern California via Kansas City, and reaches Los Angeles the following Friday morning. These tours are personally conducted by an experienced official who accompanies the train to its destination. The cars are well equipped for a long journey, and are as comfortable as the standard sleepers, while the price for a double berth is only about one-half. Full information furnished by J. P. Elmer, G. A. P. D., Cor. 5th & Robert Sts., St. Paul.

MOTHERS.

For over fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately; depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best family physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price, twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."



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PANTS, \$4.50 and \$5.00.

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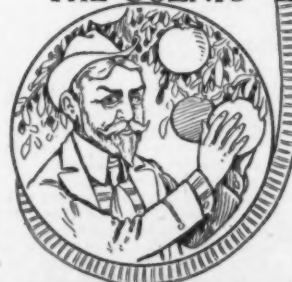
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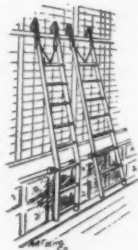


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No Lower Prices.**Considering quality. You cannot duplicate our \$20, \$30 and \$40 tricos. **First Prize for Domestic** at Chicago's big Coliseum show. The right thing at the right price every time. Can save you money on one or one hundred. Send stamp for circular and bargain bulletin, or 15c for largest and best book on this most paying stock. References, by permission: Gov. Pillsbury and Judge Mahoney, of Minn.**Northwestern Belgian Hare Company,**
1215 University Avenue, S. E., Minneapolis,
and 402-404 Dearborn Street, Chicago.
(Please mention The Northwest Magazine.)**EMERSON
& HAGUE.****MANUFACTURERS OF TENTS,
AWNINGS, MATTRESSES,
WOVEN WIRE SPRINGS,
WAGON COVERS, OVERALLS,
SHIRTS AND SMOCKS.**

WRITE FOR PRICE LIST.

WINNIPEG, MAN.**HE JUST REACHED DOWN.**

It makes a fellow feel rather flat to go sprawling in the middle of a street while frantically chasing a street-car. It makes you feel much flatter than when chasing a hat as it gleefully dances before a festive gale. However, the unfortunate victim of one of these little episodes is the only person whose sense of humor deserts him on such occasions. Gray-haired men will stop and lean on their canes while they laugh; the business man stops to take it in, and the fleet messenger boy halts in his mad haste to enjoy the discomfiture of the victim. About the only sympathy a fellow receives is from the women. When he falls they exclaim, "Oh, my!" and then they laugh heartily, ending up with "Poor fellow, and he looked so comical, too." Bless their hearts, they are full of sympathy and compassion, as a certain business man living up on the hill can tell you. This man went up home to lunch, on a slushy day last week, the Duluth (Minn.) News-Tribune says. He had an important engagement at 1 o'clock, and it was nearly that time when he noticed his car coming down Fourth Street at a "flyer" clip. The business man got on a full head of steam, and started down the hill to meet the car, but just as he reached the crossing where the conductor was impatiently holding his car, he found himself on his hands and knees in about two inches of slush. As he entered the car a young lady friend, who had witnessed his downfall from beginning to end, sympathetically inquired:

"Did you fall?"

It was only by supreme self-control that the victim preserved his sweetness of temper and prevented an explosion of pent-up profanity, as the young lady showed signs of repeating the question.

"Oh, no; I just reached down and picked up all this slush and filth. It was real funny, wasn't it?"

"Did you get hurt?" his friend ventured.

"Never felt it. Don't believe it ever touched me. It does make a fellow feel so genial and mellow in disposition to sprawl down there before everybody. I wonder why more people don't do it," he replied as he rubbed the slime off his brand new \$5 gloves with the silk handkerchief his mother-in-law gave him for Christmas. The young lady then very diplomatically changed the conversation, but all the way down the hill I could not help thinking that as a provoker of sudden and violent profanity there is nothing superior to falling while chasing a car, unless it would be stubbing your toe against an ambitious water-plug in the middle of the sidewalk. The people that meet with these little episodes invariably smile, but it is a delusive smile. A careful study of the smile-wreathed features will disclose traces of bitterness such as lead to profanity.

A ROOSTER YARN.

"Speaking of cold weather," said the poultry dealer, "reminds me of a remarkable incident that occurred last February. Some chap up in Dawson sent me an order for 1,000 healthy roosters. I picked out the fowls, gave them plenty of grain, and shipped them. Well, gentlemen, a few days after that the mercury began to drop. It got so cold that, in spite of everything, my whole poultry-yard died on my hands. I was ruined, unless my Dawson customer sent me his check. After awhile he did, with this: 'Dear Sir: The roosters you shipped me were frozen like stone. No amount of heat would thaw them. I just sold the last one as a weathercock for the new post-office. Inclosed find check.'"

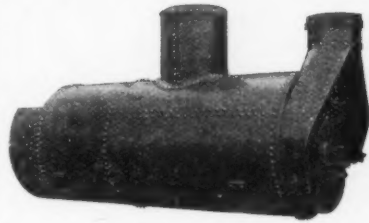
HOW HE SPENT HIS HOLIDAY.

The fat man that runs an Interurban car between Minneapolis and St. Paul stuck his head out of his cage as he was killing time in front of the Ryan recently, and said to the car cleaner:

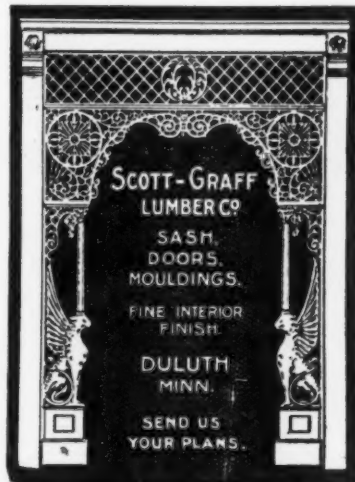
"This is real pleasure riding around all the time, I suppose you think?"

"Ay tank so," remarked the person addressed.

"You're a sucker," said the fat man. "You remind me of a fool conductor I knew. He got a job and worked twenty-nine days—fourteen hours every day. They gave him the thirteenth day off, and the blooming idiot put in the holiday riding back and forth over the line."

**M. FUNK
BOILER WORKS CO.,**

Manufacturers of.

**STEAM BOILERS, FEED WATER
HEATERS, TANKS, SHEET
STEEL WORK OF ALL KINDS.
109 KING STREET, LA CROSSE, WIS.****SOME
MEN**

Always look well dressed. It's easy when you know how, and doesn't cost much. Keep your clothes repaired and pressed; they wear longer and you don't require new ones so often. We know our business and do first-class work at a reasonable price. Send us a suit that you consider too "shabby" to wear. You won't know it when we are through with it. Work from country points receives our prompt attention.

WESTERN STEAM DYE WORKS,

GRAHAM AVENUE,

WINNIPEG, MAN.



WE WANT YOU TO KNOW: We make Printers' Rollers. We sell the best Ink and Tinting Glue. We repair your Printing Presses and will pay you more for your second hand machinery than any other dealer in the Northwest. See us before buying new machinery. Give us your business and we will save you money.
C. I. JOHNSON MFG. CO.,
90 East Fifth Street, St. Paul, Minn.



MAY NOW PASS THE BIER.

One often experiences a difficulty in trying to find the word to convey the proper shade of meaning that he intends to impart to his hearers if the speaker has an audience before him. Rev. Mr. Blank of North Dakota recently had an experience, in conducting a funeral, which neither he nor his hearers will soon forget.

He had been instructed by the family of the deceased to give an invitation to those present to pass around the casket and view the remains at the close of the service. Unfortunately, when the time came to make the announcement he could not think of any word to convey his meaning except "corpse." Knowing how the use of this word at such a time grates on the ears of some sensitive people, he hesitated to use it, and became greatly embarrassed. At length an inspiration came to him, and he announced, much to the dismay of his prohibition hearers: "The friends may now pass around the bier."

THE ELOQUENT SWEDISH ORATOR.

Senator Heitfeld, of Idaho, tells a pretty good story about Senator Hansbrough of North Dakota. Heitfeld says that during the recent campaign he heard that Hansbrough was scheduled to speak in three little towns in Northern Idaho that were mostly populated by Swedes. He wondered why his colleague had been sent into that particular section, and so he took a train and went up to hear him speak. The first thing that met his eye was a huge poster with these words:

"SENATOR H. C. HANSBROUGH,
THE ELOQUENT SWEDISH ORATOR,
WILL ADDRESS THE PEOPLE, ETC."

"Swedish orator!" said Heitfeld to himself. "Hansbrough doesn't know a word of Swedish. What sort of a game is this?"

Investigation showed that the posters, when originally printed, bore the name of Senator Knute Nelson of Minnesota. Senator Nelson was taken sick, or for some other reason could not keep the appointment, and so Mr. Hansbrough was substituted. His name was pasted over Nelson's, but "the eloquent Swedish orator" was allowed to remain.



REWARDING THE VIRTUOUS.

Mayor—"I would appoint your man, but, my dear sir, he is too confounded ignorant for the police force."

Ward Heeler—"Den put 'im on de School-board; he knows enough for dat."

CONGRESSMAN EDDY'S STORY.

It is said that Congressman Frank Eddy, of Minnesota, rather takes pride in the fact that he is the shabbiest man in either branch of the national legislature. He even tells a story now and then at his own expense. The other day, he says, he was walking down the shady side of Pennsylvania Avenue when he was accosted by a specimen of the genus hobo.

The man was ragged, unkempt, and haggard. In husky tones he confided to Mr. Eddy that he was hungry, and asked for the price of a meal. The Congressman looked at the tramp through his thick glasses, and slowly dug down into his trousers pockets. Finally he fished up a quarter, and handed it to him.

"It's all I've got," said Mr. Eddy, in his usual solemn tones. "And, to tell the truth, I don't know just where my next meal is coming from. But you take it. You look hungry."

The man started to put the coin in his pocket, then he paused. He cast a comprehensive glance at his benefactor, and then handed it back to him.

"Here, pard," said he; "I'm pretty much on the bum, but there are worse. I believe in doing the square thing. You keep it, an' I'll rustle some guy in the next block."

Before he could stop him, the kind-hearted hobo had forced the quarter into Eddy's hand, and was shuffling on in search of a new victim.

OLD JOHN HONNESS.

John Rakowsky, or "Old John Honness," as he is familiarly known to the old-timers, says the Duluth (Minn.) News-Tribune, dropped into the health office in the city hall one recent afternoon to see Captain Miller, and of course John's appearance reminded "Cap." of a story.

"A good many years ago," said the captain, "a party of army officers made a visit to Duluth, and among them was a very dignified and pompous major. Old John met the party at the hotel, where they were the center of a group of attentive Duluthians. He was first introduced to the major. 'Macher,' he said, 'I alretty delighted vas to meet you,' and he seized the officer's hand and wrung it vigorously. 'Does you shentlemen know,' he continued, beaming on the amused crowd, 'dot I und de macher has been in every brison in the United States?'"

"Sir," interrupted the major, stepping back and growing very red, 'what are you talking about?'"

"Vy, I yoost vas explaining to de boys dot me und you vas in every brison in de country, und—"

"Say," broke in the army man again, turning to the crowd, 'is this Dutchman drunk? I never was in but one prison in my life, and that was on a visit.'"

"Dot's right," replied Honness, 'und I vas in all de rest.'"

"Somebody had to explain that Old John meant the Confederate prisons during the Civil War, and then everybody took something."

TRAVELERS' HOTELS.

BOZEMAN, MONT.

THE BOZEMAN,

J. J. KELLEY, Proprietor.

Steam heat, elevator, electric lights, commercial sample rooms.

BRANDON, MAN.

GRAND VIEW HOTEL,

E. T. BOISSEAU, Proprietor.

Best accommodation and sample rooms for travelers. Rates \$2 per day. Conveniently located.

CAMERON, WIS.

THE KENT HOUSE,

W. A. KENT, Prop.

This house is pleasantly situated on the North side of the Soo platform. First-class

FARIBAUT, MINN.



THE ARLINGTON HOTEL,

J. W. SCHULTZ, Prop.

Headquarters for travelers. \$1.50 to \$2.00 per day. Rates on application. Visit us when in town.

GRAND RAPIDS, MINN.

HOTEL POKEGAMA

DANIEL M. GUNN, Proprietor.

The Leading and only First-class Hotel in Grand Rapids.

GRAND RAPIDS, MINN.

HOTEL GLADSTONE

A. E. WILDER, Proprietor.

Strictly First-class. Livery in Connection.

GREAT FALLS, MONTANA.

PARK HOTEL,

PARK HOTEL COMPANY.

Only First-Class Hotel in the City. One Block from Depot. Rooms en Suite and with Bath. Large Sample Rooms Free. Cuisine Unexcelled.

HAMILTON, MONT.

THE RAVALLI,

E. UNDERWOOD, Resident Manager. J. W. MEHARGUE, Manager.

Modern in all its appointments. Steam heat. Electric light. Return bell system. Hot and cold water throughout. Rooms en suite with bath. Wide porches. Large lawns.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

ST. JAMES HOTEL,

W. B. AMES, Prop.

Fifteen years under one management. Enlarged and remodeled. New Furniture and carpets. Steam heat in every room. Return call bells, new open plumbing and many other improvements. Come and see us, and we believe you will be pleased.

LITTLE FALLS, MINN.**The Antlers,****The Finest Hotel North of the Twin Cities.**

Steam Heat and Electric Light. Rates, \$2 per day. One block from Northern Pacific Depot. Our table is unexcelled.

MILES CITY, MONT.**HOTEL LEIGHTON,**

CHRIS. A. MASON, Manager.
(Also Manager Miles City Hotel.)

THE HOTEL OF THE CITY. Steam heat, electric lights and call bells; artesian baths, etc.

MISSOULA, MONTANA.**HOTEL FLORENCE.**

H. E. CHANEY, Proprietor.

Steam Heat. Electric Light. Electric Bells.

MISSOULA, MONTANA.**RANKIN HOTEL.**

POTTS & READ, Proprietors.

Best Second-Class Hotel in Montana.
Electric Light and Steam Heat.

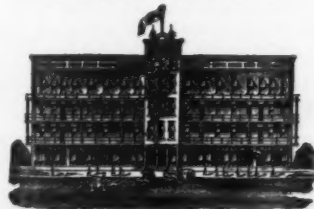
MOOSE JAW, ASSA.**THE MAPLE LEAF HOTEL**

EDW. C. MATHEWS, Prop.

Heated by steam. Lighted with Acetylene Gas. Hot and cold baths. Barber shop in connection.

OWATONNA, MINN.**THE HOTEL OWATONNA,**

T. H. MOREHOUSE, Manager.
MOREHOUSE BROS. & ADSIT, Owners.



Rates \$2.00 per day. Steam Heat, light sample rooms, electric lights, return call bells, rooms with bath.

RAT PORTAGE, ONT.**HILLIARD HOUSE**

LOUIS HILLIARD, Prop.

First-class accommodation for Commercial Men.

RAT PORTAGE, ONT.**CENTRAL HOTEL,**

J. O. BEAUDRY, Prop.

Opposite C. P. R. Station.

Rates \$1 to \$1.50 per day.

SELKIRK, MAN.**CANADA PACIFIC HOTEL**

Best accommodation for Commercial Travelers.

J. H. MONTGOMERY, Prop.

SPOKANE, WASH.**HOTEL GRAND,**

THOS. GUINEAN, PROPRIETOR.

Corner Howard St. and Main Ave.

European Plan: \$1 to \$2.

American Plan: \$2 to \$3.

Newly Furnished and Equipped with all Modern Improvements.

WHITEWOOD, ASSA.**THE ALHAMBRA HOTEL,**

(Opp. C. P. R. Station.)

M. T. L. LLOYD, Prop. (late of Vancouver, B. C.).

Everything first-class. Special attention paid to comfort of guests. Well lighted and heated sample rooms for commercial men. Day and night service.

WHITEWOOD, ASSA.**WOODBINE HOTEL**

R. MAY, Prop.

First-class accommodation for traveling public.

Good sample rooms.

WINNIPEG, MAN.**CLIFTON HOUSE**

SAM LEACH, PROP.

Newly furnished throughout. Modern conveniences. Under new management. Rate, \$1.00 per day. Main St., Near C. P. R. Depot.

USE ROCKOLEAN—Dandruff, falling hair, scalp diseases. Will grow hair on bald heads. Ask your druggist, or write to ROCKOLEAN MFG. CO., 11 E. 14th St., Minneapolis, Minn.

IF you read this advertisement, others would read yours. The NORTHWEST MAGAZINE is the best advertising medium in the Northwest.

**THE GRANDON HOTEL, Helena, Montana.**

Rates \$3.00 to \$5.00 per Day.



The Only First-class and Fire-proof Hotel in the City.

THE HOTEL RYAN

Corner Robert and Sixth Streets.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

\$3.00 per Day and Upwards

NORTHWESTERN STOVE CO.

Hotel and Restaurant
Kitchen Outfits a specialty
Stoves, Steel Ranges, Furnaces and Stove Repairs

312 Hennepin Ave., MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA.

ST. PAUL FURNITURE CO.,

DESIGNERS AND MANUFACTURERS

BANK, STORE, CHURCH AND HOUSE FURNITURE,
SAINT PAUL, MINN.

USE THE ALL WOOL MICA ROOFING—It is adapted for any sort of roofs. It is wind and water proof. C. P. R. Co. use large quantities, which is a strong recommendation of its reliability. W. G. Fosca, Main St., Winnipeg, Man.

The CLARENDON HOTEL, WINNIPEG, MAN.

EQUIPPED with every modern convenience necessary to conduct a strictly first-class hotel.

ELECTRIC LIGHT.

BATHS.

BARBER SHOP.

READING-ROOM.

Convenient to business district, theatres, etc.

RATES, \$2.00 to \$3.50 per day.

C. F. BUNNEL,
Proprietor.



Are You Coming to St. Paul?

—The— Merchants Hotel

REFITTED THROUGHOUT

Under the management of the well-known proprietor,

COL. A. ALLEN.

Rates: \$2.00; \$2.50; with bath, \$3.00.



SEND NO MONEY,

HIGH GRADE DROP-HEAD CABINET NEW QUEEN SEWING MACHINE, by freight, C. O. D., subject to examination. You can examine it at your nearest freight depot, and if found perfectly satisfactory, exactly as represented, equal to the highest grade sewing machines advertised by other houses at \$30.00 to \$40.00, and as good a machine as you ever saw or heard of, pay your railroad agent **OUR SPECIAL OFFER PRICE \$11.25** and freight charges. Give the machine three months' trial in your own home and we will return your \$11.25 any day you are not satisfied.

OUR \$11.25 NEW QUEEN SEWING MACHINE IS COVERED BY A BINDING 20-YEAR GUARANTEE, is made by one of the best sewing machine makers in America, has every new and up-to-date improvement, high arm, positive four-motion feed, very light running, does any work that can be done on any sewing machine made. It comes in a beautiful solid antique oak, drop head cabinet, as illustrated. Oak cabinet is beautifully finished, highly polished, elaborately finished throughout.

AT \$11.25 WE FURNISH THIS SEWING MACHINE COMPLETE WITH ALL ACCESSORIES, including 1 quiltor, 2 screwdrivers, 6 bobbins, 1 package of needles, 1 cloth guide and screw, 1 oil can filled with oil, and a complete instruction book, which makes everything so plain that even a child without previous experience can operate the machine at once. **FOR 25 CENTS EXTRA**, we furnish, in addition to the regular accessories mentioned, the following special attachments: 1 thread cutter, 1 braider, 1 binder, 1 set of plain hemmers, different widths up to 3/8ths of an inch.

SEWING MACHINE DEALERS who will order three or more machines at one time will be supplied with the same machine, under another name, and with our name entirely removed, but the price will be the same, viz., \$11.25, even in hundred lots. **ORDER TODAY. DON'T DELAY.** Such an offer was never known before. **OUR \$98.50 UPRIGHT GRAND PIANO IS A WONDER.** Shipped on one year's free trial. Write for free Piano Catalogue. Address your orders plainly to



THIS ILLUSTRATION gives you an idea of the appearance of the HIGH GRADE, HIGH ARM NEW QUEEN SEWING MACHINE which we furnish at \$11.25, in the handsome 5-drawer drop head oak cabinet illustrated.

SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

A BOON FOR THE LAME! THE IVEY PATENT EXTENSION SHOE CO.

Are anxious to secure the address of every lame man and woman in Canada whose lameness consists in one limb being shorter than the other.

This Extension is by far the best of its nature ever placed on the market, and enables the wearer to walk upright, to walk with ease and comfort, to wear any ordinary store shoe, and gives them the same appearance as their more fortunate friends. Descriptive circulars free to all.

Boots for people with deformed feet. Address all correspondence to

FRED IVEY, Winnipeg, Man.



BEFORE - AFTER

WESTERN SIDE-PLAY.

An amusing incident happened at the depot last week, states the Yakima (Wash.) Herald. Agent Graham was conversing with a brother agent from an Iowa city, who was here looking over the country—although he modestly said that he felt he didn't need much education in that line, being somewhat familiar with Western ways. During the pow-wow over methods of conducting offices in the East as compared with the West, Sam Storror entered the depot on business, which he proceeded to transact. Having finished, he playfully reached over the counter and seized a huge muskmelon lying on Agent Graham's desk.

"Drop that!" said the latter gentleman, tragically.

"Nay, nay, Pauline," quoth Mr. Storror.

Thereupon the agent walked to the cashdrawer, opened it, abstracted therefrom a small gun, and marched around the partition, apparently intent upon shedding Mr. Storror's blue blood. Hardly had he rounded the turn when the latter deftly swished into view a 44-Colt, with a barrel as long as a fence-rail, which had been punching holes in his hip pocket. He banged it down on the counter, opened his mouth to speak—and then changed his mind and began to howl with laughter, the reason for which was all too apparent.

When the first gun was pulled, the Iowan stared; when the second one came in evidence, he ran. He jumped through an open window like a professional acrobat, vanished, terror-stricken, and no amount of persuasion could bring him back until he was assured hostilities had ceased. He left town shortly afterward; but in the interim he had but little to say on the subject of his knowledge of Western ways.

PULLMAN TOURIST SLEEPER TO CALIFORNIA VIA THE SUNSHINE ROUTE

—C., M. & St. P. Ry.

Every Tuesday a splendid up-to-date Pullman tourist sleeper leaves Minneapolis at 7:50 A. M. and St. Paul 8:00 A. M., via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry. and runs through without change to Los Angeles, Cal., via Kansas City and the A., T. & S. F. Ry.—the famous Sunshine Route—arriving there the following Saturday morning.

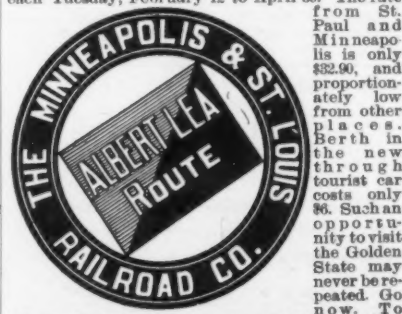
Through berth-rate Twin Cities to Los Angeles, only \$6.00. Each berth in this sleeper will comfortably accommodate two persons. Tickets, for use in this tourist sleeper, from Minneapolis and St. Paul to Los Angeles, San Francisco, etc., now being sold at the unusually low rate of \$32.00.

For further particulars and descriptive folder, address J. T. Conley, asst. gen. pass. agent, St. Paul, Minn., or see "Milwaukee" ticket agents.

STREET RAILWAYS IN THE FROZEN NORTH.—The Alaska Exploration Company has applied to the Yukon council for a franchise for an electric street-car system in Dawson and running out to Bonanza and Eldorado creeks. The company agrees to spend a million dollars and to build at least thirty miles of road, commencing this spring.

Cheap Tickets to California.

The Minneapolis & St. Louis R. R. has arranged a series of low-rate Colonist excursions starting on each Tuesday, February 12 to April 30. The rate



from St. Paul and Minneapolis is only \$52.50, and proportionately low from other places. Berth in the new through tourist car costs only \$6. Such an opportunity to visit the Golden State may never be repeated. Go now. To get the best route and accommodations, call at Minneapolis and St. Louis ticket offices, or address A. B. CUTTS, General Pass. and Ticket Agt., MINNEAPOLIS.

CHEAP RATES! DO NOT MISS THEM.

On Tuesday, February 12, 19 and 26, March 5, 12, 19 and 26, April 2, 9, 16, 23 and 30, 1901, you can go for \$30 from Chicago, and for \$25 from St. Paul, over the Northern Pacific Railway to Western Washington, which with its vast bodies of timber, affords ample opportunity for the establishment of lumber and shingle mills. The soil is exceedingly productive, and fruit, grain and vegetables grow in great abundance. These find a ready market in the lumber-camps, the larger cities, and the Alaska trade. Government timber land can still be secured, while cut-over lands, suitable for dairying and truck gardening, can be purchased at reasonable prices along the line of the Seattle International Railway. For further particulars apply to C. W. Mott, General Emigration Agent, Northern Pacific Railway, St. Paul, Minn.

CHEAP RATES! DO NOT MISS THEM.

On Tuesday, February 12, 19, 26, March 5, 12, 26, April 2, 9, 16, 23, 30, 1901, you can go for \$30 from Chicago, and for \$25 from St. Paul, over the Northern Pacific Railway, to the Yakima Valley, Washington, which is the most attractive irrigation proposition in the United States. All but tropical fruits grow luxuriantly, while alfalfa is a sure and profitable crop. Twenty-acre ranches can be purchased for \$600 on easy terms. The Northern Pacific Railway traverses the entire length of the valley, thus insuring good transportation facilities. Good schools and churches abound, and rural mail routes are established through the valley, which will soon be one large village. Thunderstorms are rare and cyclones are unknown. The climate, which is very mild, is extremely beneficial to consumptives and those afflicted with bronchial and catarrhal troubles. For particulars write to C. W. Mott, General Emigration Agent, Northern Pacific Railway, St. Paul, Minn.

AN OPPORTUNITY TO TRAVEL WEST VERY CHEAPLY.—REDUCTION APPROXIMATING TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT IN PASSENGER FARES TO MINNESOTA, MANITOBA, NORTH DAKOTA, MONTANA, WASHINGTON, AND OREGON POINTS.

The traveling public, and those desiring to change locations, will be interested in the announcement which comes from the Northern Pacific Railway of a big reduction in one-way rates to the West. These low rates are made particularly to attract additional settlement to all points in Minnesota, Manitoba, North Dakota, Montana, Washington, and Oregon, and tickets may be purchased at St. Paul or Minneapolis on the following dates: Feb. 12, 19 and 26, 1901; March 5, 12, 19 and 26, 1901; April 2, 9, 16, 23, 30, 1901.

Never before has such an opportunity been given to the intending settler to reach his new home so cheaply. For further information apply to your local ticket agent, or to Chas. S. Fee, G. P. & T. A., Northern Pacific Railway, St. Paul, Minn.

THE YAKIMA VALLEY.

Washington, is the most attractive irrigation proposition in the United States. All but tropical fruits grow luxuriantly, while alfalfa is a sure and profitable crop. Twenty-acre ranches can be purchased for \$600 on easy terms. The Northern Pacific Railway traverses the entire length of the valley, thus insuring good transportation facilities. Good schools and churches abound, and rural mail routes are established through the valley, which will soon be one large village. Thunderstorms are rare and cyclones unknown. The climate, which is very mild, is extremely beneficial to consumptives and those afflicted with bronchial and catarrhal troubles. For particulars write to C. W. Mott, Gen. Emigration Agent, Northern Pacific Ry., St. Paul, Minn.

SEMI-WEEKLY TOURIST SLEEPERS FROM CHICAGO TO BOSTON.

The Wabash Road now operates a line of tourist sleepers as above, leaving Chicago Mondays and Thursdays at 9:25 A. M., and arriving in Boston 5:20 P. M. next day. New York passengers can occupy these cars as far as Rotterdam Junction, N. Y. (where the train arrives at 11:00 A. M.), reaching New York at 3:15 P. M. No excess fare required. Write for reservations. Ticket office, 97 Adams Street, Chicago.

**THE MELOTTE.**

The rapid development of the Dairy Industry in the Canadian Northwest is due, in no small degree, to the excellence of the Dairy Machinery and especially of the Alexandra and Melotte Hand Cream Separators for farm use introduced by this firm. It will pay anyone, interested in any degree in dairying, to correspond with them (in any dead or living language) and receive their catalogues.

SEABURY & CO.,
WHOLESALE
GROCERS AND IMPORTERS,
193 TO 199 EAST THIRD STREET, COR. SIBLEY,
SAINT PAUL, MINN.

ONIONS—Have a large stock on hand which we are running off at lowest prices. Write for quotations on Oysters, Apples, etc. **TAYLOR BROS.,** Fruit-Growers, Winnipeg, Man. P. O. Box 618. 252 Main St. Headquarters, Hamilton, Ont.

N. LEHNEN, Ph. D.,
Analytical and Technical Chemist.

OFFICE AND LABORATORY.

364 Robert Street, St. Paul, Minn.

Personal attention given to all kinds of assaying, analyzing and testing ores, food, water, etc. Samples by mail or express attended to promptly. Write for terms.



OUR FREE BUGGY OFFER. WE SELL BUGGIES, CARRIAGES and all kinds of vehicles at very much lower prices than you can buy elsewhere. We send the goods to any address by freight C. O. D., subject to examination, payable after received, examined and found far greater value than offered by any other house. Don't buy a buggy, surrey or rig of any kind until you get our new 1901 Buggy Catalogue. Cut this ad out and send to us at once and we will send you the new 1901 Buggy Catalogue by return mail. Address, **SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., Chicago.**

A NEW CORSET

Designed for a figure which will conform to the requirements of the fit and style of the present fashions in gowns. Prices from \$2.25 up. A perfect fit. Satisfaction guaranteed.

VROOMAN'S, 7 Sixth St. So., Minneapolis

MISSOULA,

H. L. BRAUN & CO.SCIENTIFIC AND DECORATIVE
TAXIDERM.Specimens of Western Game
Heads and Fur Rugs
For Sale.

- - - MONTANA

BICYCLES. High-grade, Fully guaranteed, \$12.00 to \$25.00. Second-Hand Wheels, \$8.00 to \$12.00. GUNS, AMMUNITION, FISHING-TACKLE, CAMERAS, PHONOGRAPHS AND SPORTING GOODS

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Oxygen! Oxygen! Oxygen! is King!
To man, woman, child, a blessing 'twill bring,
All ailments it cures! restores happiness from gloom;
It's the surest thing to have in your home.

It's the cheapest, best doctor, it's patrons aver,
This "Oxygenor King"—"Pure Oxygen of Air!"
Health, time, money; yes, life, saved by its use,
Anything contrary would but be an excuse.

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Whence from sick chamber comes, "My heart's
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Your Oxygenor King, it cured others, you said;
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To say "Oxygen is King," surely is my testimony."
People should know, then, what for them is in store,
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For "after" your ailment once gets there ahead—
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"The Perfected Oxygenor King" is a "Preventive" as well
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**March 5, 12, 19 and 26, 1901
April 2, 9, 16, 23 and 30, 1901**

Never before has such an opportunity been given to the intending settler to reach his new home so cheaply.

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Thousands are going every day

to Wonderful Washington, "The ever-green State"—land of opportunities, of fine soil, splendid crops and independent homes.

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The Beaver Dam**Lumber Company's****Northern****Wisconsin Lands**

ARE NOW ON
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These lands are located in one of the most resourceful and picturesque sections of Barron County, Northern Wisconsin, are well watered, have rich native grasses, are most excellently adapted to diversified farming and stock raising, and are convenient to the Best Markets of the Northwest.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION WRITE TO THE
BEAVER DAM LUMBER COMPANY,
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Has for sale 30,000 ACRES of the choicest farm lands in Washburn and Barron Counties, in Northern Wisconsin,

**THE COMING DAIRY AND LIVE
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Main trunk lines of railway on both sides of tract, the farthest point being less than five miles from the stations.

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All this tract is splendidly watered, has best grasses in the world, and the soil produces large yields of all grains, vegetables and small fruits.

Farm or grazing lands, in large or small tracts, on easy terms. For full particulars apply to company—at Madison, Wisconsin.

Famous Trains

... Via ...



Northwestern Limited, to Chicago—Leave Minneapolis at 7:30 P. M., St. Paul 8:10 P. M., arrive Chicago 9:30 A. M.

Twilight Limited, to West Superior and Duluth, Ashland, Washburn and Bayfield—Leave Minneapolis 4:00 P. M., St. Paul 4:25 P. M., arrive Duluth 9:59 P. M., Ashland 10:10 P. M.

Omaha and Kansas City Limited, to Sioux City, Omaha, Kansas City—Leave Minneapolis 8:00 P. M., St. Paul 8:30 P. M., arrive Sioux City 5:05 A. M., Omaha 8:15 A. M., Kansas City 3:35 P. M.

You also have choice of other fine day or night trains to the same points, and new, fast service to the Dakota Hot Springs and the Black Hills.

All equipment modern and first-class. Unexcelled dining car service. Luxurious sleeping car accommodations. Free reclining chair cars. Smooth, easy riding roadbed. Safety wide-vestibuled day and night trains.

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Made in St. Paul,
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When you are about to buy a Sewing Machine do not be deceived by alluring advertisements and be led to think you can get the best made, finest finished and

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for a mere song. See to it that you buy from reliable manufacturers that have gained a reputation by honest and square dealing—you will then get a sewing machine that is noted the world over for its durability. You want the one that is easiest to manage and is



LIGHT RUNNING

There is none in the world that can equal in mechanical construction, durability of working parts, fineness of finish, beauty in appearance, or has as many improvements as the

NEW HOME

It has Automatic Tension, Double Feed, alike on both sides of needle, (patented), no other has it; New Stand (patented), driving wheel hinged on adjustable centers, thus reducing friction to the minimum.

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A FEW DOSES.

Particulars on application.

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WRITER OF GOOD ADVERTISING.

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ITEMS OF INTEREST.

YUKON NEWSPAPER ENTERPRISE.—The Dawson Daily News is to have a Mergenthaler linotype machine. The machine is already on the dock at Seattle, ready for shipment, and will be taken in over the ice this winter. This machine will be the first of its kind in the Northwest territory.

SOME HUGE TREES.—Two large fir trees were recently felled in Skagit County, Wash. One was 250 feet from the stump in length, eight feet four inches in diameter eight feet from the ground, and ninety feet to the first limb. The other was 200 feet in length, seven feet in diameter, and seventy feet to the first limb.

NORTHERN MINNESOTA RICHES.—In Northern Minnesota, cut-over timber lands are liable to produce fortunes from iron beneath their surface. Over at Muskegon some of the lumbermen are drilling oil-wells on their old saw-mill properties, with good results. It is believed that about 1,200 feet below Muskegon is a large and paying oil artery.

IN THE BIG LOGGING-CAMPS.—Reports from the Upper Mississippi woods show that the labor famine in logging-camps is wholly at an end. The supply of men is now too great. The men who hired on the high market and want to work at all, are sticking strictly to their knitting now, and not running around sampling the cook's products.

WASHINGTON'S FIRST SAW-MILL.—Perhaps the first saw-mill ever operated in Washington was located about five miles above Vancouver, on the Columbia River. Robert Finlayson, a retired officer of the Hudson's Bay Company, was in charge of the mill in 1839. He not only sawed lumber, but ground wheat. He employed twenty-four men getting out spars, logging, and running the mill.

IN THE TANANA COUNTRY.—Winter advices from the American Yukon state that Circle City is crowded with idle men, some of whom are almost destitute on account of the failure to make even wages in the Tanana Country. Provisions are somewhat scarce at Circle. Several hundred men are working this winter in the Forty-mile District, and a large production is assured.

ALASKAN RAILWAY ENTERPRISE.—The steel cantilever bridge that crosses the chasm on the White Pass & Yukon Road, near the summit of White Pass, which heretofore has necessitated the use of a switchback at that point, is now completed. This steel bridge has a total length of 850 feet. Its open work is such as to preclude the possibility of its ever becoming obstructed by ice or snow, and its construction saves the thirty miles formerly lost by the switchback.

NO MORE SNOW BLOCKADES.—Snow is no longer dreaded by the White Pass Railway officials in Alaska, who, profiting by the experience of the last two winters, have secured rotaries of a caliber sufficient to annihilate any mountain of snow that may cover its tracks. The rotary snowplows this year have been able to keep the track clear and avoid any blockades. They are able to handle drifts up to twelve feet in depth. This has been of great convenience to travelers, who have so far lost no time on account of snow blockades.

THE IMPOSSIBLE.

The editor of the Edgeley (N. D.) Mail, in an outburst of passion, gives the following picture of his home life: "It is an impossibility to 'love thy neighbor as thyself' when that neighbor keeps a dog that barks all night, and a lawn-mower going all day, while the oldest daughter is learning to play the piano and studying to be a prima donna at the same time."



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Rented farms, unproductive soil, unfavorable climate, poor crops, mortgages, low prices, are discouraging obstacles in many localities.

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here all kinds of fruits,
grains and vegetables
grow.
here they can be raised in
abundance.
here they are raised with
the least amount of labor.
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perfect.
here churches and schools
abound.
here a home of your own
and freedom from debt
awaits.

There is no necessity
for a man spending his
days working on a rented
farm, barely making his
living, and with never a
prospect of owning his
own home. **WONDER-
FUL WASHINGTON!**
"The Ever-green State,"
is open to you. The land
of plenty, the land of un-
rivalled resources, the
land of easy living. If
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WONDERFUL WASHINGTON,

"THE EVER-GREEN STATE,"

OFFERS

TO-DAY wonderful opportunities for farmers,
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**OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS
ONCE AT EVERY DOOR.**

If you would take advantage of YOUR opportu-
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portunities in Wonderful Washington, and about

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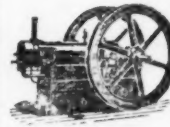
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The Osmodon System for Treatment of Consumption.

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THE OSMODON COMPANY,
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GENTLEMEN:

In acknowledging receipt of appliances, I will take occasion to say a word as to the merits and efficacy of the Osmodon system of treatment for consumption, not with a view of aiding you in your business, but rather with the hope that my public indorsement (if you wish to make it so) might be the means of setting this matter right in the minds of a great many sufferers from this dreadful malady.

This method of treatment is truly miraculous, both in its promptness and unflinching results, and those affected should not only be quick in availing themselves of it, but be grateful that Providence has brought this remedy within their reach.

Yours respectfully,
E. R. TARRY, M. D.

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tion and all
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Successful result of 25 years' experience.
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Non-explosive metal lamps.
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WRITE FOR SAMPLES AND PRICES.

CHAS. WEINHAGEN & CO.,
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A C. P. R. CONSTRUCTION REMINISCENCE.

We have just come across, in a clipping from a Winnipeg paper of June, 1882, a skit by "the Khan" which is worthy of reproduction. It may be explained that when the C. P. R. prairie section west of Brandon, Man., was under construction in 1882, Flat Creek, now known as Oak Lake, was the chief yard and supply-point. Things got into a very mixed-up condition there, and one day the newly appointed General Manager Van Horne paid the place an unannounced visit, discharged most of the staff and installed a new lot in about as short a space of time as it takes to write these few lines. This is what "the Khan" had to say about it:

"The C. P. R. up here may very properly be called the innocent railway. The trains run in a kind of go-as-you-please style that is anything but refreshing to the general manager. It is not for want of officials at the end of the line, goodness knows. There are enough clerks, etc., there to build the road for that matter, if hands run short. Their chief occupation appears to be to trip over one another and go in search of some person while the train hands go duck-shooting in the 'marsh,' and the engineers fall asleep. If you go to Flat Krick, never want to know. If you want to know anything, the officials will look upon you as an enemy of your race sent there by their enemies to torture them. If you 'want to know,' they 'don't know.'

"I don't know,' is a mournful sound which is reverberating through Flat Krick all the time.

"When is the train coming in?"

"I don't know."

"Where is the yard-master?"

"I don't know."

"Is this Flat Krick?"

"I don't know."

"How long have you been dead and buried?"

"I don't know."

"But when Manager Van Horne strikes the town, there is a shaking up of old bones. He cometh in like a blizzard and he goeth out like a lantern. He is the terror of Flat Krick. He shakes them up like an earthquake, and they are as frightened of him as if he were the old Nick himself. Yet Van Horne is calm and harmless looking. So is a she mule, and so is a buzz-saw. You don't know their true inwardness till you go up and feel of them. To see Van Horne get out of the car and go softly up the platform, you would think he was an evangelist on his way West to preach temperance to the Mounted Police. But you are soon undeceived. If you are within hearing distance you will have more fun than you ever had in your life before. He cuffs the first official he comes to, just to get his hand in, and leads the next one out by the ear, and, pointing eastward, informs him that the walking is good as far as St. Paul. To see the rest hunt their holes and commence scribbling for dear life is a terror. Van Horne wants to know. He is that kind of a man. He wants to know why this was not done and why this was done. If the answers are not satisfactory there is a dark and bloody tragedy enacted right there. During each act all the characters are killed off, and in the last scene the heavy villain is filled with dynamite, struck with a hammer, and by the time he has knocked a hole plumb through the sky, and the smoke has cleared away, Van Horne has discharged all the officials and hired them over again at lower figures."

SPEAKING FROM EXPERIENCE.

A couple were recently married, and the bride invited an old aunt to the wedding. The cards were swell affairs, and in one corner bore the inscription: "Children are not expected." After scanning closely over her spectacles, the old lady said: "That's all right, but they'll have 'em, just the same."

THE DIFFERENCE.

A newly married editor gets off the following: "What is the difference between a honeycomb, a honeymoon, and a pretty girl? A honeycomb is a small cell, a honeymoon is a big sell, and a pretty girl is a damsel."



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If you are coming to the city on business or to CURL, we will be pleased to talk the clothing question with you. We are showing several hundred creations from master weavers of the old world;

a selection that for quality, beauty and service is unsurpassed anywhere. We are noted for high grade work. It's easy to find us—Opp. Queen's Hotel on Portage Ave

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Other goods at other prices, but satisfaction given, no matter what the price.

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BENEDICT'S PEN COPYING LETTER and BILL BOOKS

The simple act of writing produces a perfect copy with ordinary ink, paper and pen.

400 COPYING PAGES

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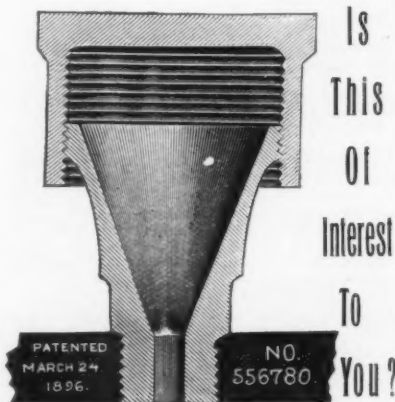
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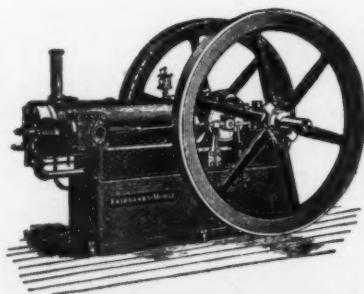
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Mail orders attended to promptly.

THE INDIAN QUESTION.

Young-Man-With-a-Crick-in-His-Back, the valedictorian of the Carlisle Indian School commencement, came forward in St. Paul recently, and was presented to the audience by one of the faculty. He said:

"My friends, I do not propose to excite hostilities by advancing the proposition that we stand on the threshold of life. I leave that to the pale-faced graduate of a more athletic curriculum. Those who have come with dead cats prepared for the express purpose of bombardment, need no longer hesitate to toss them out of the window. Their services will not be required. In all that I have to say, I shall be distinctly original, yes, aboriginal. We stand today on the shingle of a wide and shoreless sea—the great uncharted sea of eternity. How's that?"

"My friends and classmates, I come from a town of 300 souls and eighteen real estate agents. On my return my kinsmen will stroll out of the tepee to greet their brother and ask him where he got that hat. The dusky daughter of Bay-Horse-With-the-Glanders will don her pink shirt-waist and press to my lips a tomato-can of dog-soup. There will be peace, my friends and harmony, and trust, and festivity, and a game of draw-poker in the evening on my return to the lodge on the reservation—when the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky, and the coyote sounds his G in the gloaming."

"To the palefaces in the rear of the auditorium, let me say a few words. We are about to drift asunder, to meet perhaps nevermore this side of the Big Muddy. All that the red man is today he owes to the paleface—and he is still drawing Government rations. We have been so benevolently assimilated that one measly Government agent can round-up and herd a whole Indian reservation. With us a half tumbler of kerosene and a dash of painkiller makes a cocktail. True, we do

not move in golf circles, but the American citizen does not hesitate to rubberneck when we promenade the streets. The paleface lobster gives us a bottle of whisky—with a string tied to it. And the string reaches to the Federal court-room, where we lie around for a couple of weeks while the witnesses are cashing in their pay vouchers. Then we walk home in a snow-storm, and steal axle-grease for a grub-stake."

"My friends, the paleface has given us the advantage of educational privileges, but, somehow, we are not trotting in his class. Once properly annexed, the Filipino can come over here and vote for the great chief; but we, whose ancestors have lived in the land for thousands of years and mingled their bones with the titanotherium robustum of the Jurassic age, why, we are not permitted to vote for road supervisor. We can fill our heads with Greek roots, geometrical ratios and Dago idions, but when it comes to American citizenship, they won't even let us pay taxes."

"The sun of the red man is setting in the West. Soon will his copper-colored tribes be benevolently assimilated by the copper trust, and he will be extinct. You may fill him with English grammar and calisthenics, but he will still shy at a bar of soap. You may put him into a bicycle suit and tan shoes, but he will continue to yearn in his soul for planked muskrat and Jamaica ginger. His days are numbered, and he is up against the real thing. For a few short years he may pow-wow with the smooth Government commissioner and kick in his Government socks, but he is fading away, and you can all see his finish. I have spoken."

TRICKING THE BALD HEADS.

Devils Lake, N. D., ladies advertised a bloomer social, and after all the men in town had bought tickets, it turned out that the bloomers were paper flowers.

PARADISE BOILED DOWN.

They had just got married, a South Dakota man states, and were starting on their honeymoon. The bride had got the man she loved, and she didn't care who saw her put her head on his shoulder. The bridegroom had got a farm with his wife, and if he wanted to squeeze her hand or feed her with sweets, whose business was it? A little old man sat opposite the couple, and he looked at them so often that the young husband finally explained:

"We've just got married."

"I knowed it all the time," chuckled the other.

"And we can't help it, you know."

"No, you can't; I'll be blown if you can."

"I presume it all seems very silly to an old man like you?"

"Does it? Does it?" cackled the old fellow.

"Well, I can tell you it does not, then, I've been there three times over, and now I'm on my way to marry a fourth. Silly? Why, children, it's a paradise boiled down."

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma and all throat and lung affections; also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 835 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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It is an easy matter for a wealthy young woman to husband her means.

Vun half der world doan'd know vy id is der udder half von't ged off der earth.

If dare vas no scandal in der world, some beebles would be deaf und dumb midoud eggsercise.

"I know that a great many people do not like my business," said the chimney-sweep; "but it soots me."

Casey—"Since th' Hoolihans got rich, I sh'pose they're t'rowin' on all koinds av shtolle."

Murphy—"I sh'd say so! They've changed th' goat's name t' Nannette."

Pat—"Whoy is th' owld year loike a wet towel, Nora, darlint?"

Nora—"Whoy?"

Pat—"Because they always ring it out."

Judge—"Did you ever hear anything against his honesty?"

Colored Witness—"No, suh; but he eats chicken mighty reg'lar on Sunday, and he's allus got an umbrella when it rains."



SUSPICIOUS WILLINGNESS.

He—"I asked your father's consent by telephone."

She—"What did he answer?"

"He said: 'I don't know who you are, but it's all right; you can have her.'"

Mamma—"Bobby, do you remember the text last Sunday?"

Bobby—"Yes, ma'am. I think it was, 'Many are cold, but few are frozen.'"

Stranger—"This is a funny town. So many people of the same name."

Townsmen—"Why, how's that?"

Stranger—"Well, I bet I saw fifty doors today, and every one had on it the name of the owner—'Push.'"

Brother Jack—"I don't see how you can tolerate Tom Rodney for a four-hour call. His talk is all thin gas."

Sister Mayme—"His gas may be thin, but he has a splendid pressure."

"Didn't I tell you to let well enough alone?" said the doctor to the convalescent who had disobeyed and was suffering a relapse.

"Yes, doctor," whined the patient, "but I wasn't well enough."

Small Jimmy—"Say dem lubly words once more."

Smaller Gladys—"I said I don't want you to be wastin' your money on me for ice-cream and sweets any more."

"These eggs are older than history," whispered the sweet singer, as she broke the third shell.

"Perhaps they are the 'Lay of Ancient Rome,'" said the comedian boarder, who reads classics during the winter months.

"How many pounds are there in a ton?" asked the teacher.

And the timid, clean-faced boy with a patch in his trousers timidly suggested:

"It depends a good deal on where you buy your coal."

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Olga Netherole: "I shall take every opportunity of recommending them to health seekers."

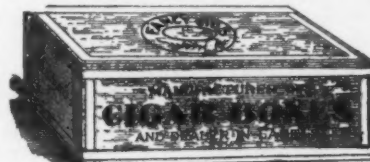
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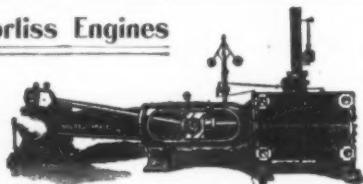
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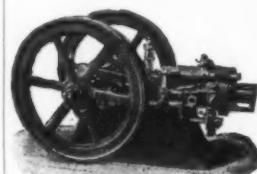
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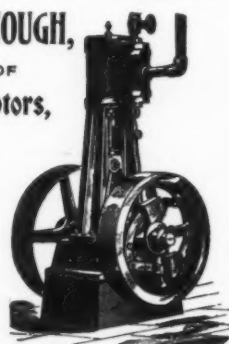
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